



\$2.95 U.S.

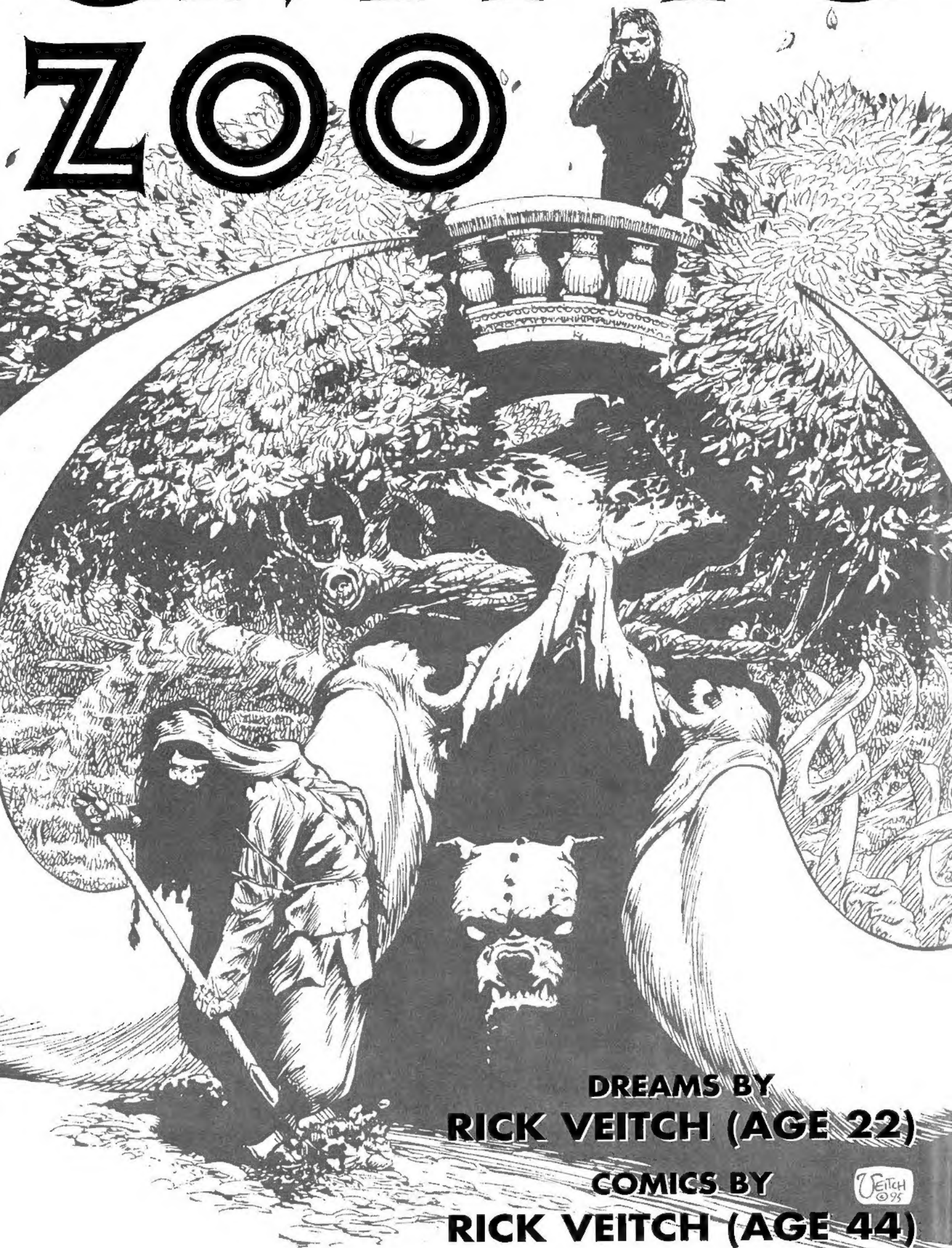
#18

ROARIN' RICK'S

RARE BIT FIENDS



CRYPTO ZOO



DREAMS BY
RICK VEITCH (AGE 22)

COMICS BY
RICK VEITCH (AGE 44)

VEITCH
©95

JANUARY, 1974

THIS CHURCH
IS JUST LIKE THE
ONE IN OUR
HOME TOWN!

LOUIS
ARMED

WEIRD
COINCIDENCE,
HUH?

ME

HMMM.

LOOKS TO ME AS IF
THEY WERE BOTH BUILT
FROM UNIVERSAL
PARTS...

POET
PRESS
CORPS

I BET ALL THE
CHURCHES USE THE
SAME PRE-FAB
STUFF FROM A
SINGLE SUPPLIER.

THEY JUST
REARRANGE
THE COMPONENTS.

FULL HOUSE FOR
THE CONCERT.

HOPE I CAN FIND
A SEAT UP IN
THE BALCONY!

STRING
QUARTET

SHIT. EVERYTHING
FACING THE STAGE
IS TAKEN.

NERVOUS
AND OUT OF
PLACE

THE SCREENING
ROOM'S COMPLETELY
EMPTY.



LATER, IN THE LIMO.

SO I HAD TO INFORM DUH
PREZIDENT OF DUH THREAT
OF DUH TALL BUILDINKS...

SMILE

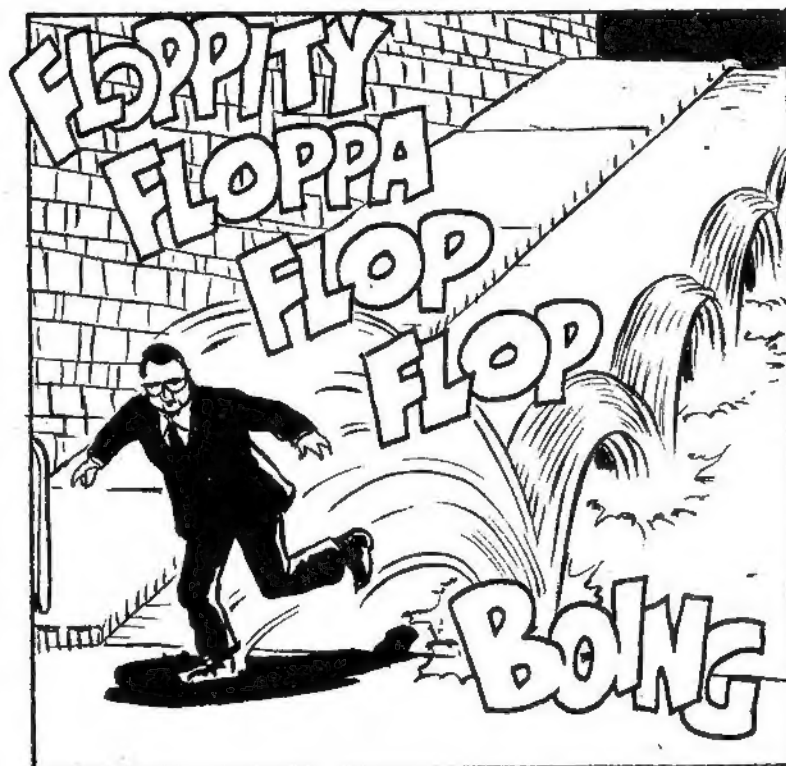
ME

HENRY
KISSINGER



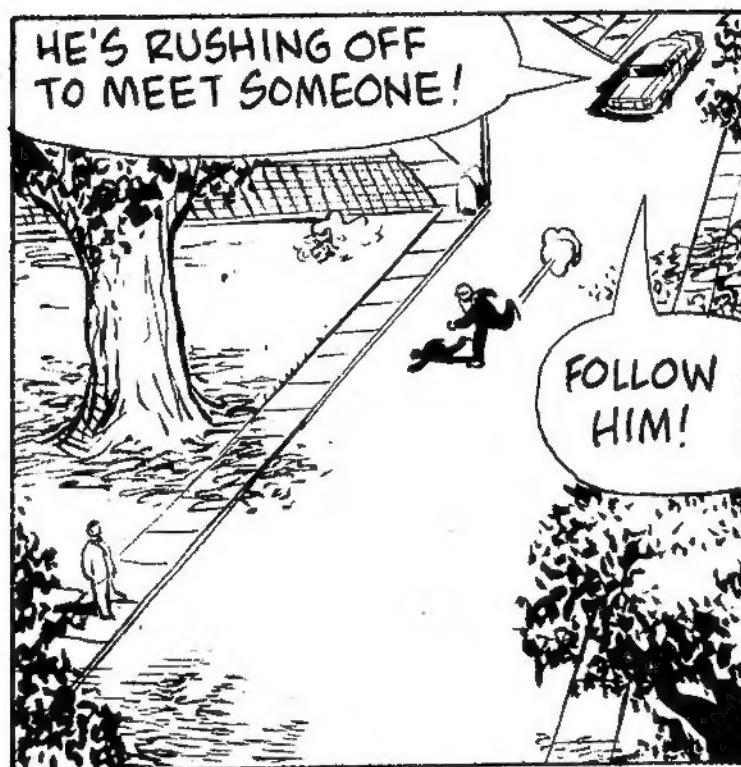
SHNIPERS,
YOU KNOW?

TIME
TO
LEAVE!

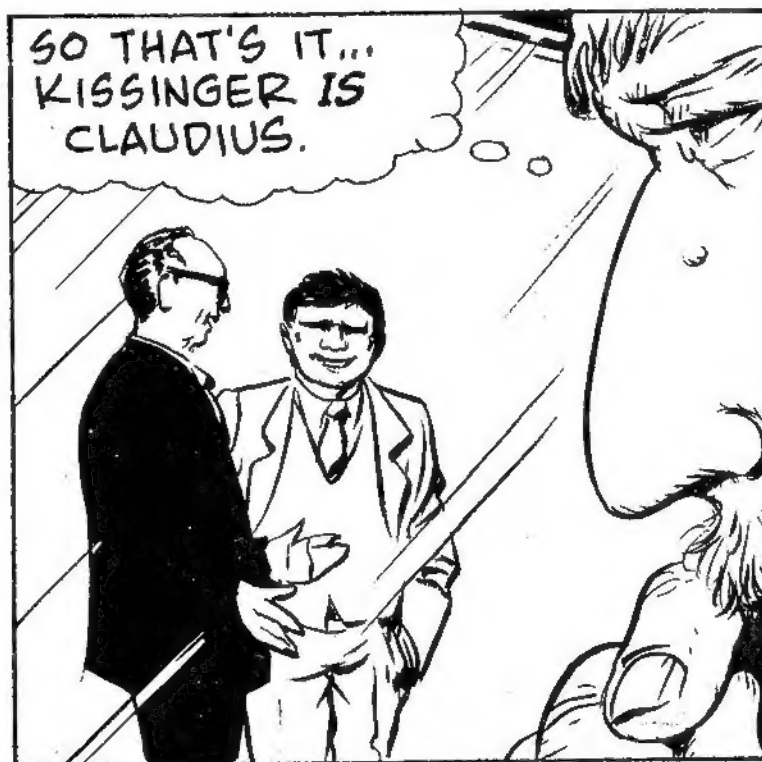


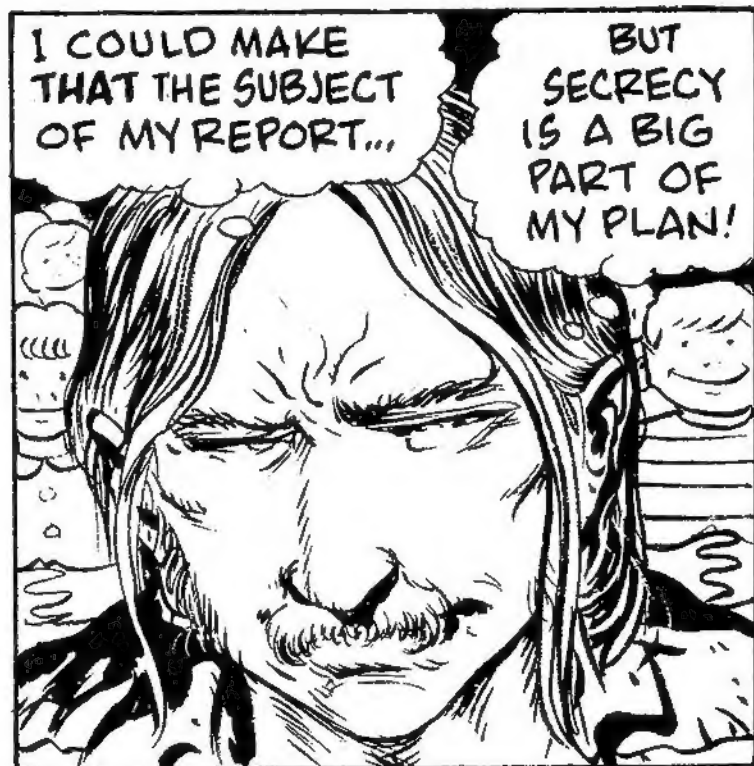
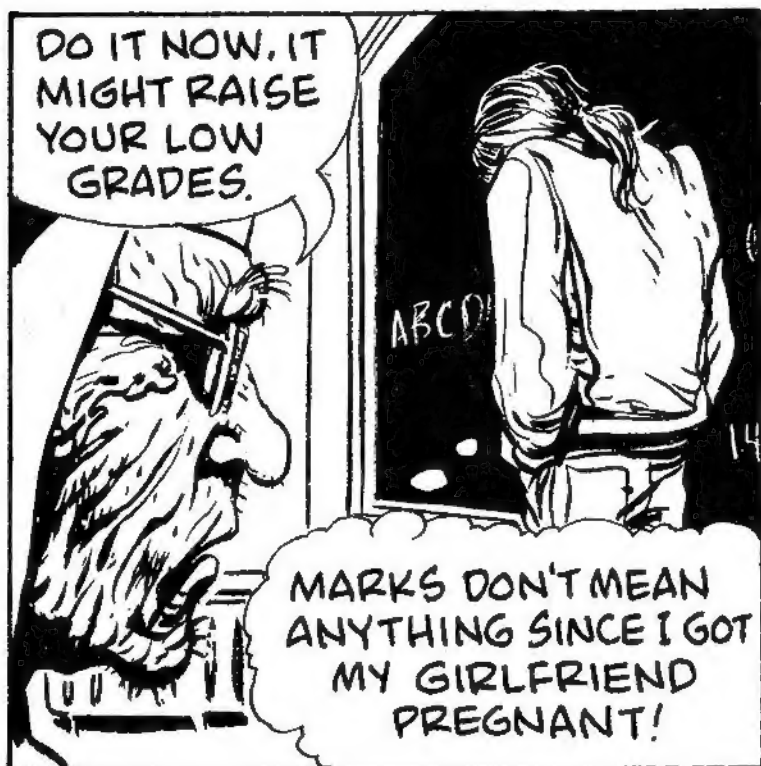
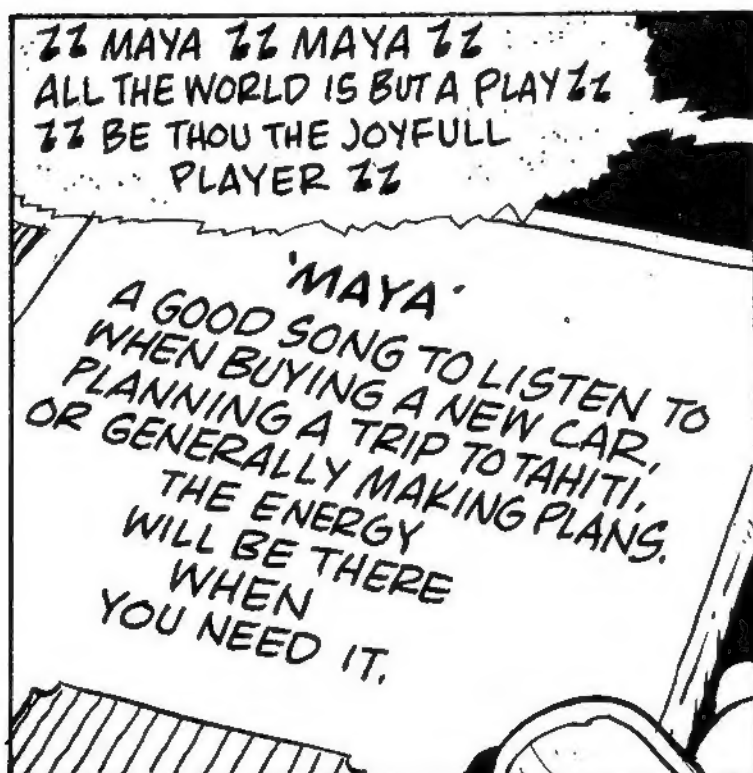
HE'S RUSHING OFF
TO MEET SOMEONE!

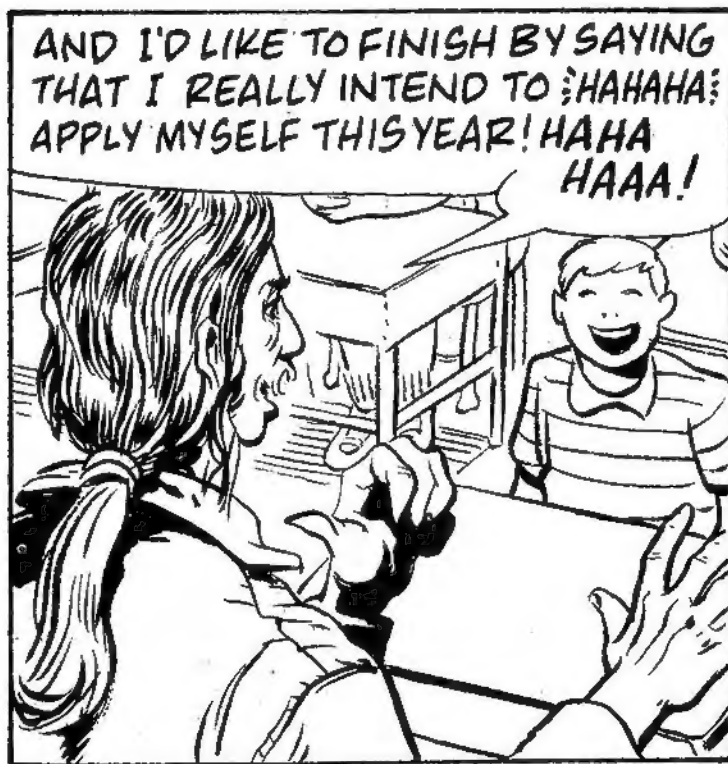
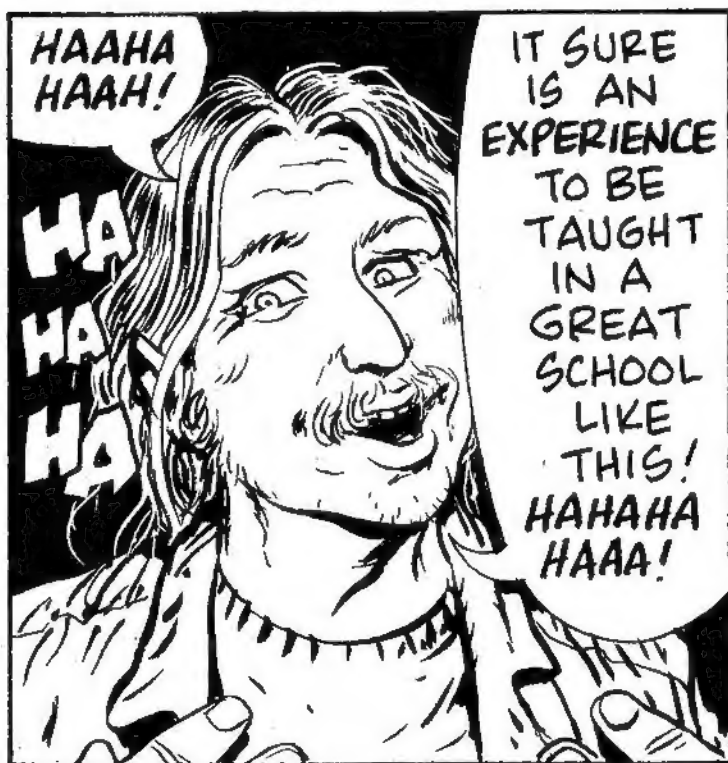
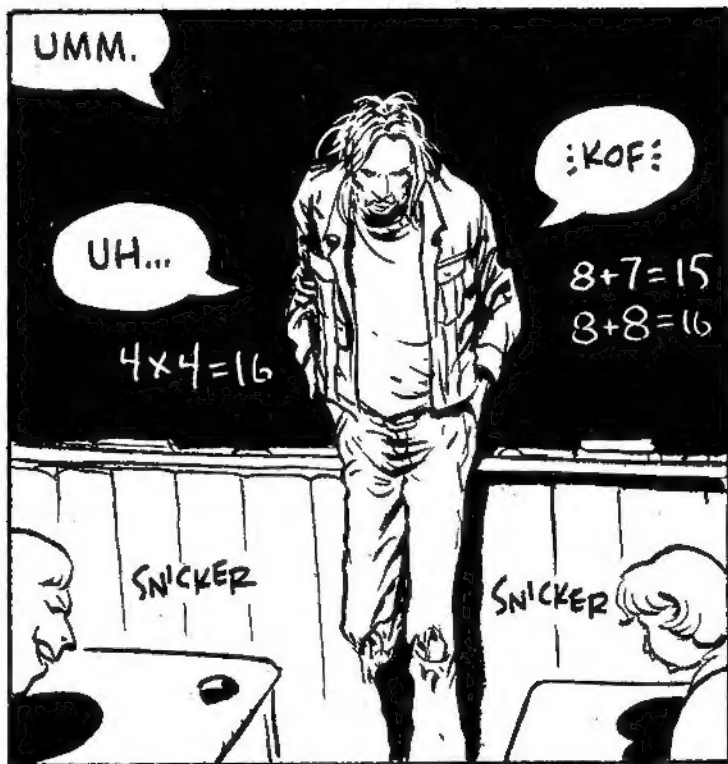
FOLLOW
HIM!



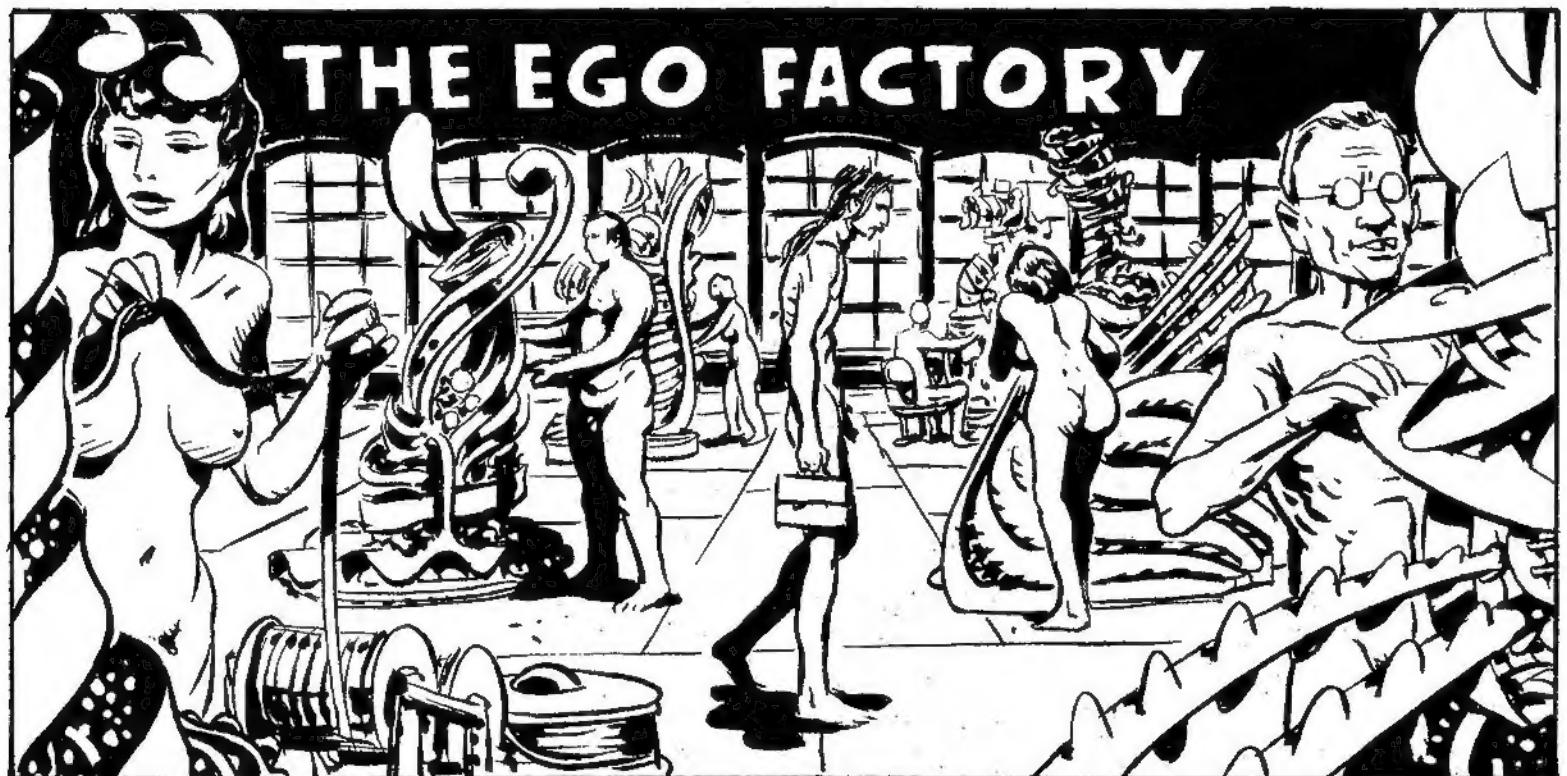
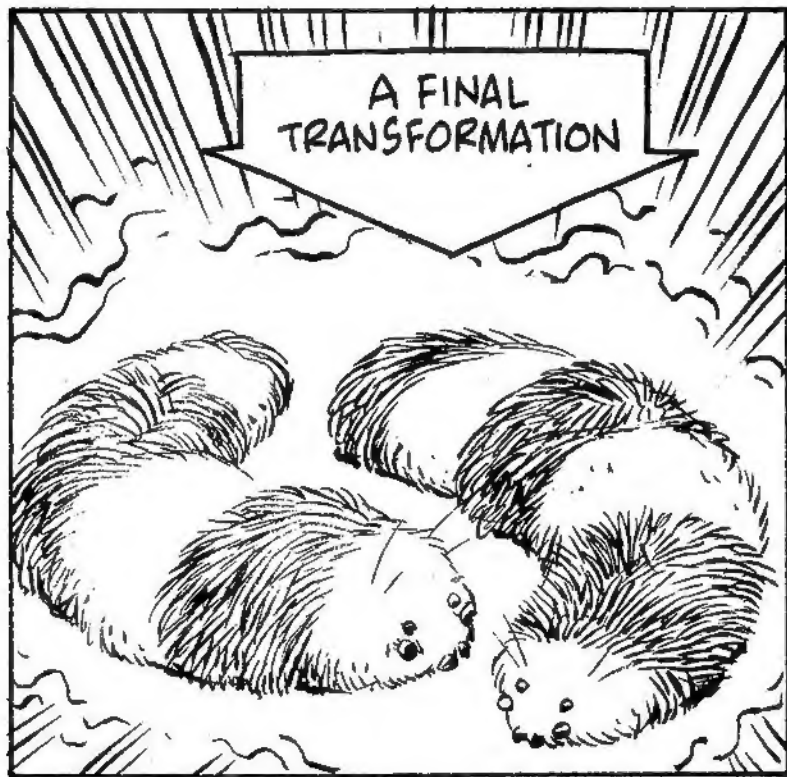
SO THAT'S IT...
KISSINGER IS
CLAUDIUS.

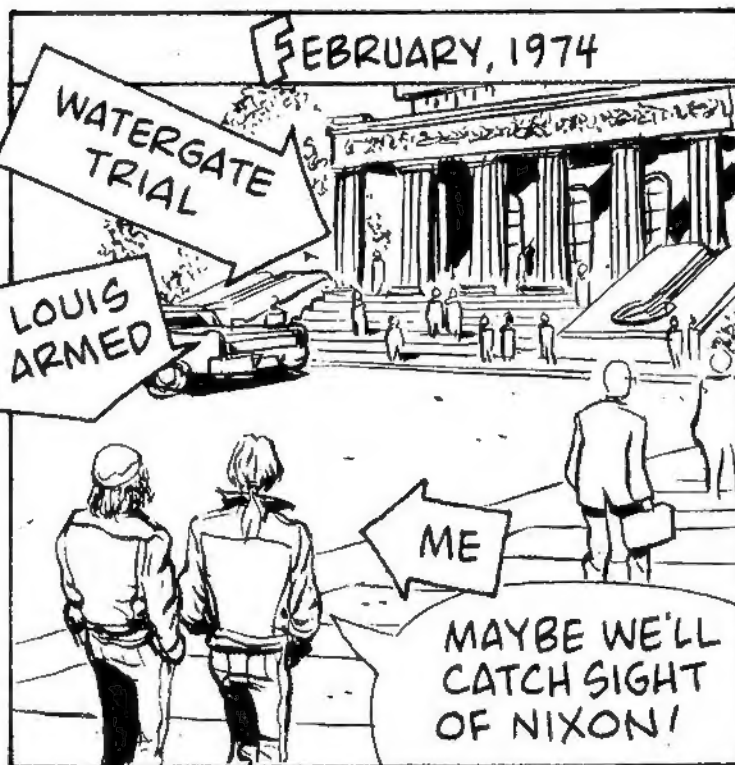
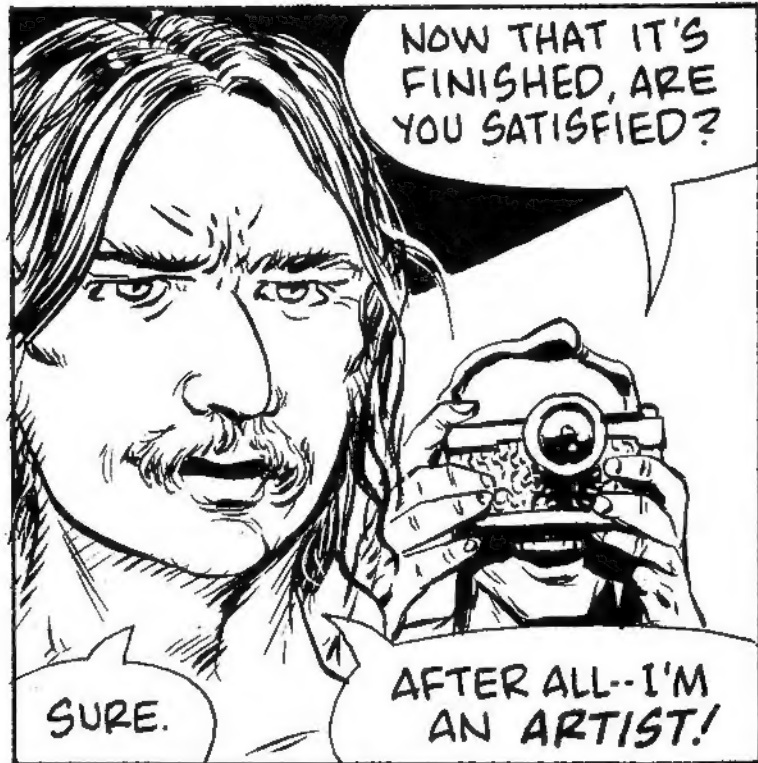
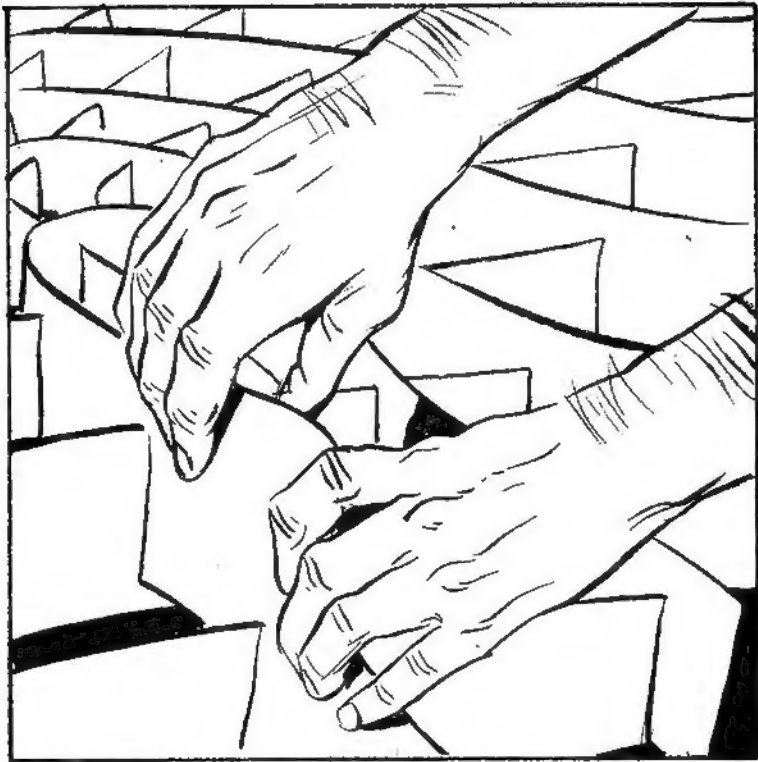
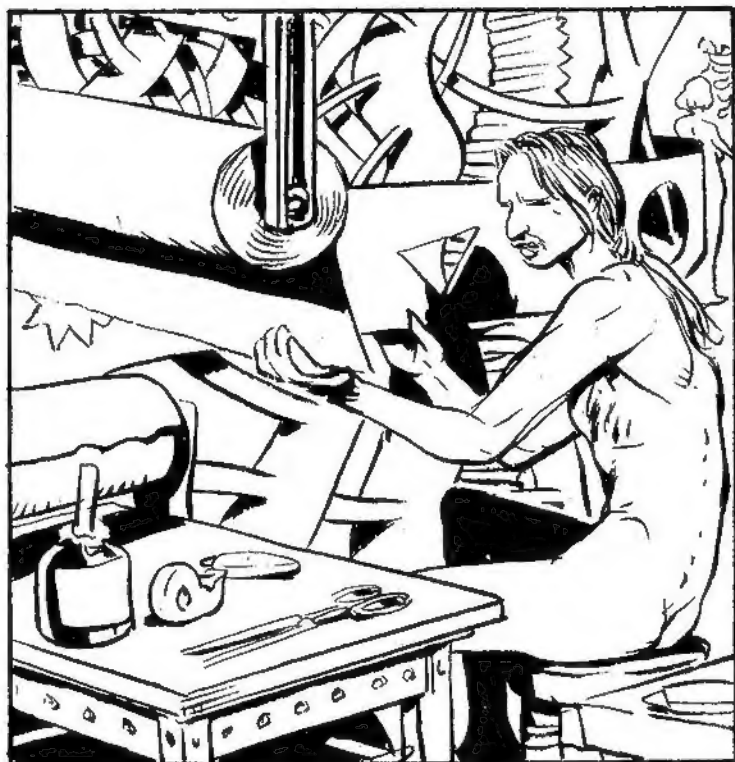














LATER.

BING!

FZZZT!

FZZZT!

TWO-WAY
RADIO

TESTING

SPEED
TARGET

MY
NEW
JOB

PIER 3

FOOTOP

SPEED
DELIVERY

BEEBEEP
TAXI

Toot

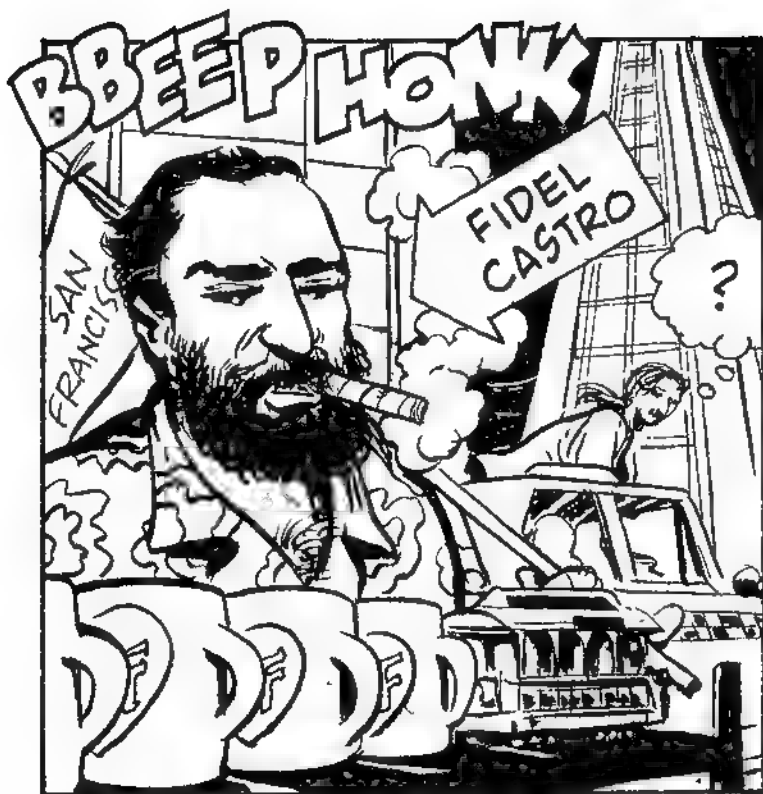
HONK!

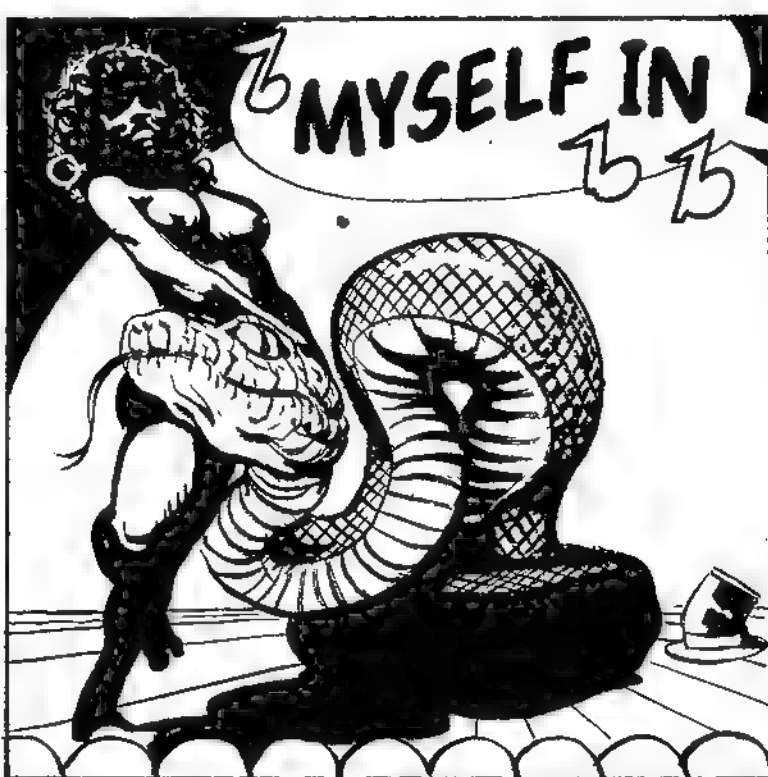
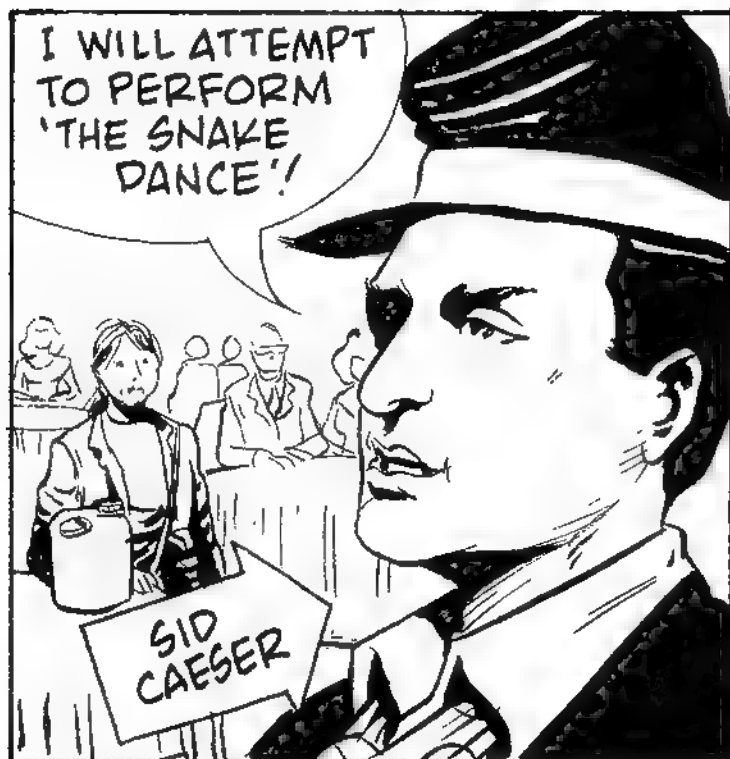
DING
DING
DING
BEEP

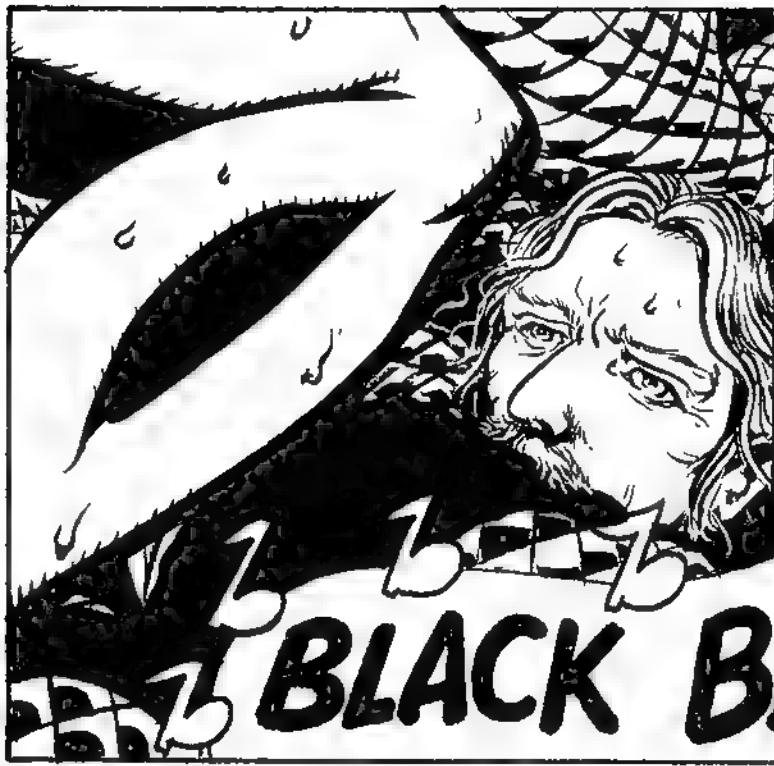
CHINGCHINGCHING

PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE

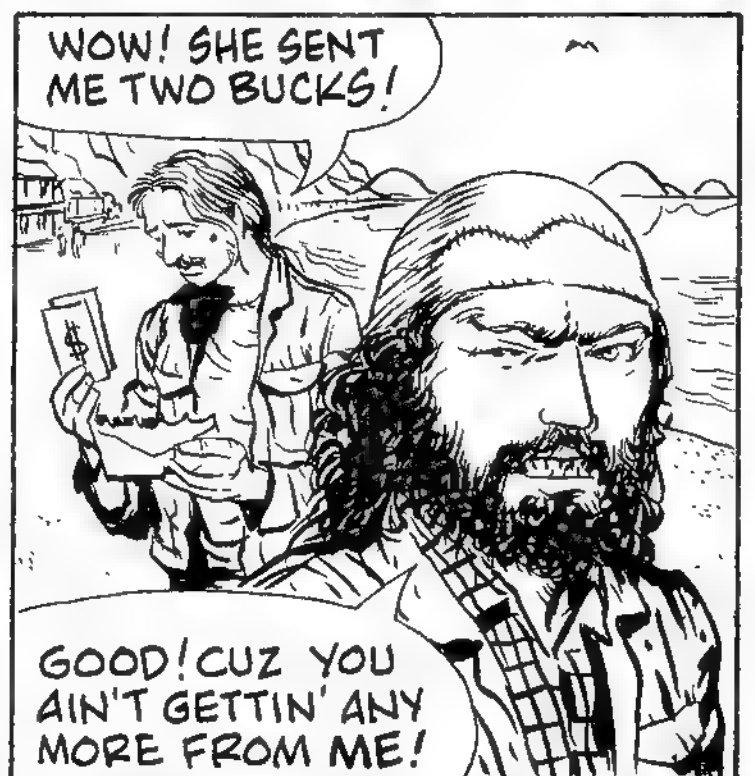
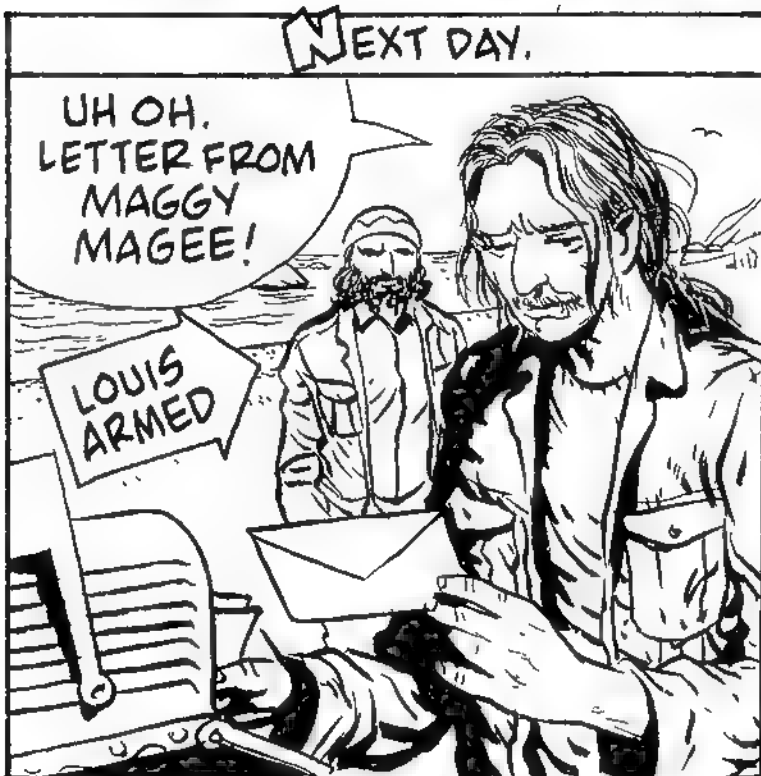
HONK

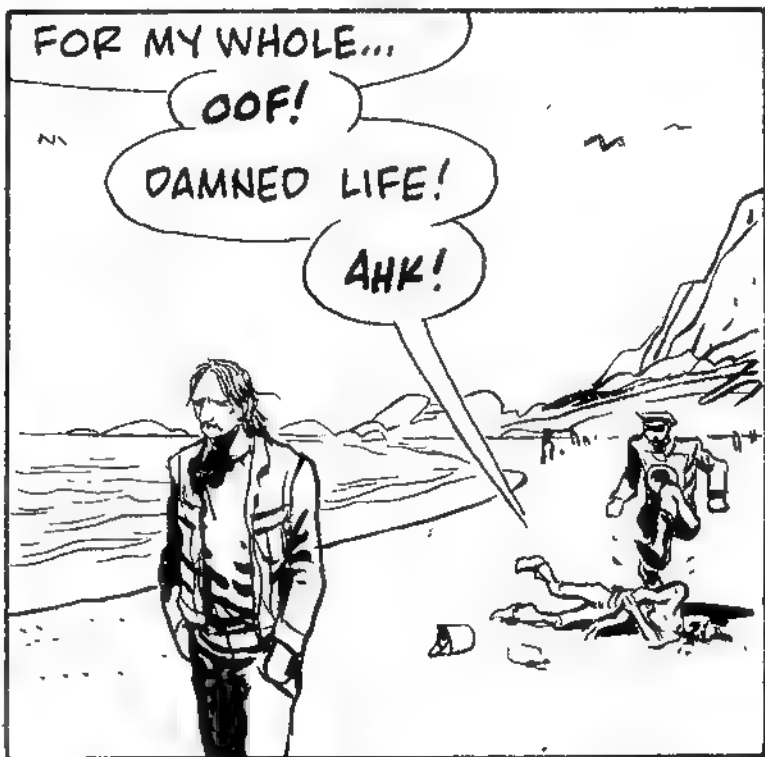




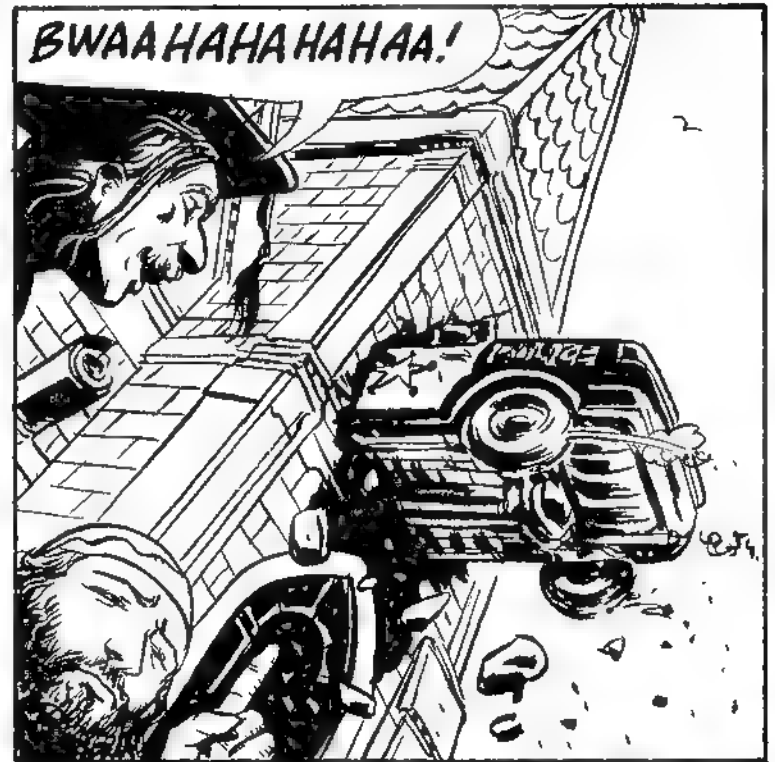
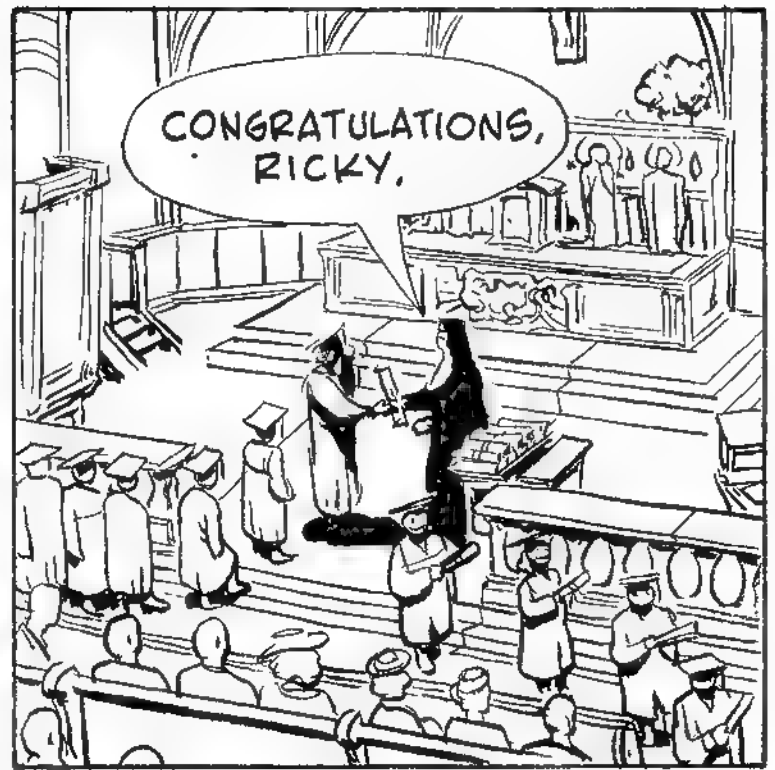


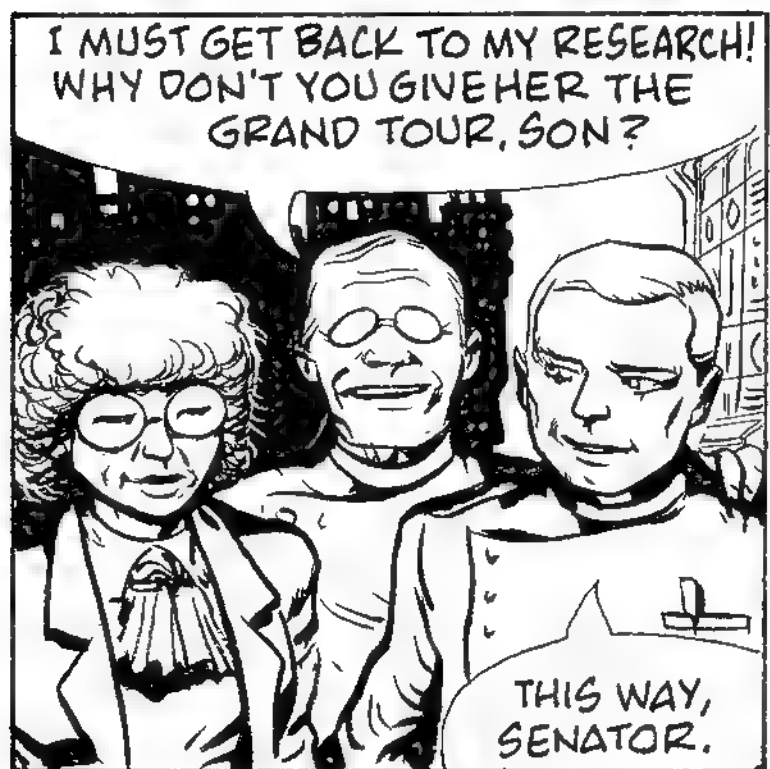
BLACK BITCH!!

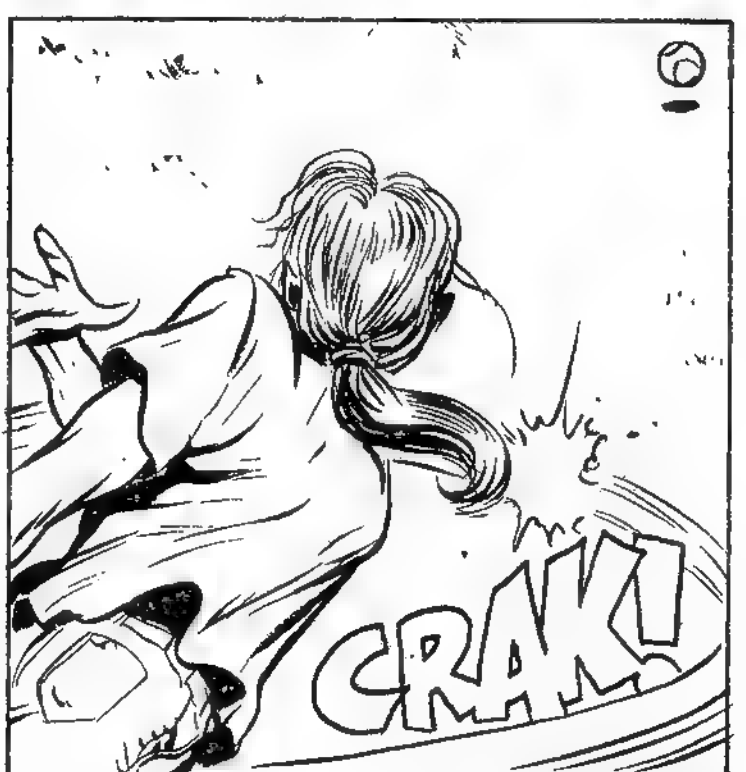
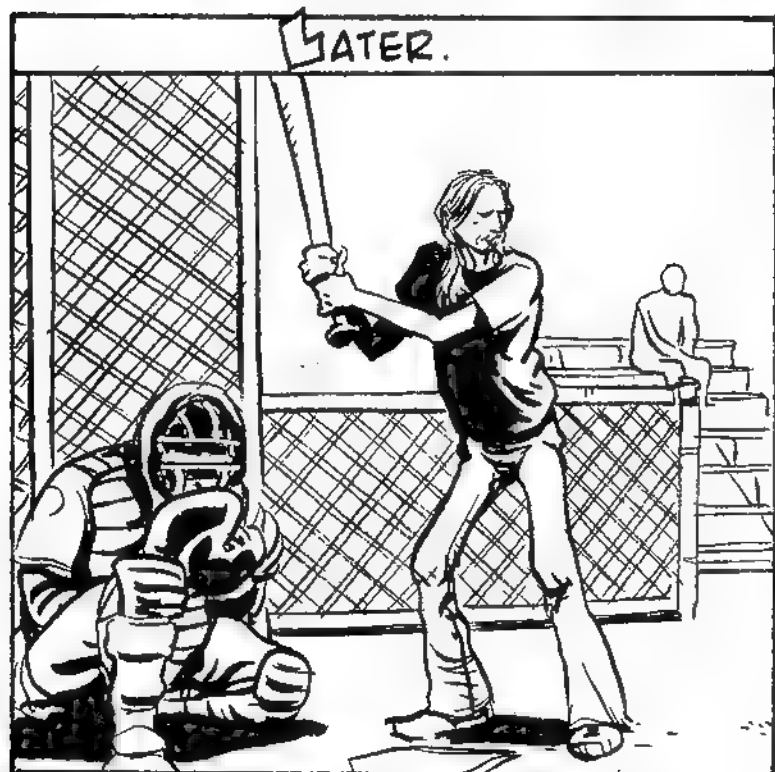


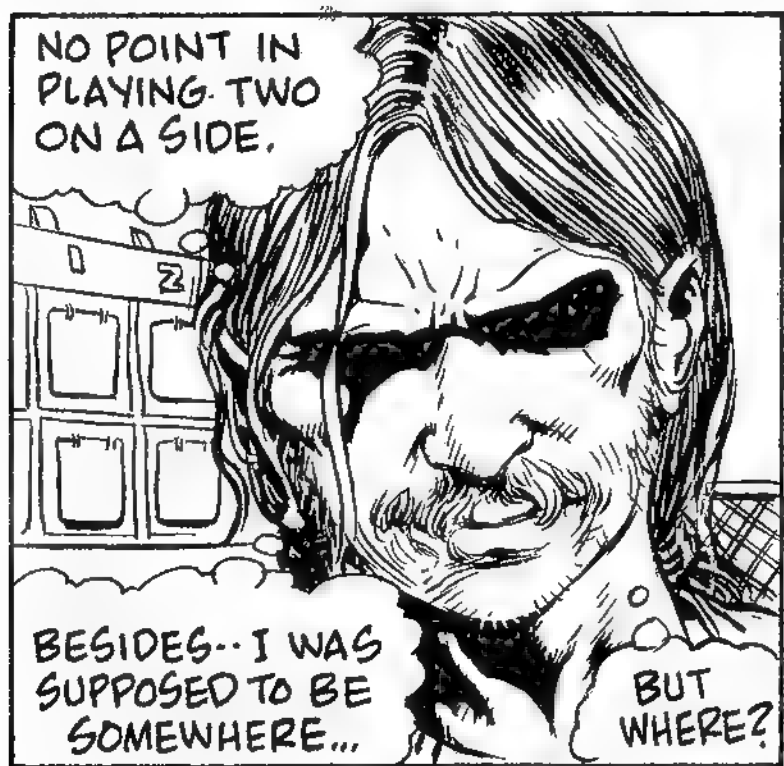














LITTLE OMENS

• P.O. BOX 1371 WEST TOWNSHEND VT 05359 •

E-MAIL rarebit@sover.net

Alan Bennett
Buras, LA

Hello.

Writing to your letter column, I feel like a couch potato in the Boston Marathon. What the heck, maybe you'll like these dreams anyway. (They're the best my subconscious can come up with.)

Dream #1- from eating two whole barbecued chicken legs, undercooked and overspiced, at 2:00 in the morning, then going to sleep:

Q: What the hell would a vegetarian vampire do?

A: Liberate the domesticated herbivores of the world! Deliberately infect cows with vampirism. The result would be a creature that looked like a cross between a Gurnsey and H.R. Giger's Alien. A flying nightmare creature with cloven hooves and long jaws filled with fangs, feasting upon the humans who would have feasted upon it. Bovine Revenge!

Dream #2- from reading Rare Bits and the Maximortal too much (I suppose.) This dream took the form of comic panels on a page, art and lettering included, but damned if I can remember the exact layout.

Teaser: Superman is the last son of Krypton - but he isn't the only son of Krypton. This is written on the splash page, Milky Way galaxy background, planet Earth foreground. I seem to have "written" this dream with first-person narrative captions. Naturally, it features me as the hero.

One day I found this, for lack of a better word, thing in my backyard. No description was possible. It defied my senses. Looking at it was like looking at a blind spot. Not darkness, but nothingness. I couldn't handle coping with such a concept. Contemplation of this thing was about to drive me insane when it changed into the monolith from Kubrick and Clarke's 2001. "A shape for something that has no shape." How appropriate. But I

thought: "I/you/we can do better." The monolith then became a blue British public call police box. "For the Doctor Who has everything, no?" Almost, but not quite there yet. Then the call box changed into a N.A.S.A. Mercury space capsule. Bingo! "Now that is the Right Stuff." I hopped aboard and started flying around the world like a bat out of hell. Yahoo!

(Turning the page, we go from monocolor flashback to multicolor present.)

It's now twenty years later, and near as I can figure, this thing is a technological wish fulfiller. All the best features of a Tardis and Starshi rolled into one, and then some. Go anywhere, do anything - if it is mathematically possible, this bucket of bolts can do it. For instance, I have altered my body to the physical perfection of health, and have neutralized all DNA sequences which cause ageing. Spare clones in the 'fridge, updated from my brain every 24 hours (like back-



AND IN IT...
I KEPT HAVING TO SMASH
BOTTLES+THREATEN
PEOPLE.



I WAS PARANOID AND ON
THE DEFENSE ALL THE TIME



THIS CONTINUED FOR SOME
TIME-THROUGH VARIOUS
VIOLENT+DISFIGURING
SCENARIOS...

ing a hard drive onto floppy discs.) I have gathered onto memory banks the sum total knowledge of humanity and 27 other intelligent species throughout the galaxy. (One of these days I'll visit Andromeda just to see if things are different there.) Every form of education and entertainment is available to me.

Trouble is, I'm BORED STIFF! No challenges left in life. So, I take up the hobby of Big Game hunting. Namely: Kryptonians!

See, Krypton existed for one hell of a long time before it went kaboom under Jor-El's feet. During that time, a good number of Kryptonians got off-planet (kidnapped by aliens, like Elvis was) and some of that number became hyperphotosynthetic like Superman. Now let me tell you, these guys have incredibly long life spans for being DNA-based life forms. Theoretically, if they get enough yellow sunlight, they could live forever. Most of these super-powered Kryptonians are still alive today, scattered on various isolated planets around the Milky Way.

Through experience I have learned that superpowered kryptonians are always either goody-two-shoes like Superman, or evil incarnate like the Phantom Zone criminals. No middle ground, easy to distinguish. The good ones I leave alone, the bad ones I consider fair game. Every class M' planet I come across, I scan for life signs. With Kryptonians' unique genome (over 90 chromosomes!) they stand out on my sensor readings like sore thumbs.

Getting the Kryptonite was easy: I just told the ship to go to where Krypton was, and scooped up a ton of stuff. I refine the pure Kryptonium from it, suspend it in a saline solution (shake well before use) and deliver it with an air-pressured hypodermic injector shaped like a .45 magnum. Since Kryptonite didn't exist before Krypton exploded, most of the superbastards are unaware of its existence. I make sure their first exposure is also their last. I'm not going to screw around and blow the opportunity like dumb-assed Metallo did.

I land a quarter-mile away from the Kryptonian and apparently none too soon. In this large city he is busily killing natives by the millions. The things he does to their bodies goes beyond the realm of evil perversity, into the realm of creativity. Just like when Johnny Bates "did" London in Miracleman. Since I am the only one who is standing his ground, I quickly draw his attention.

I live in mortal fear that one of these days, one of these creeps will burn me from a distance with heat vision before I can get close enough. But my fear is unfounded; they always prefer pulping their victims with their bare hands.

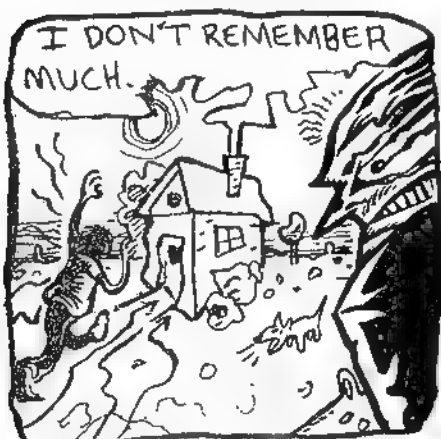
He lands about a hundred feet away and calmly walks toward me. He looks like Stalin from the neck up, and something out of The Road Warrior from the neck down. I draw the hypo-gun from its holster. My hands are shaking badly. "It's necessary to

show fear to maintain his overconfidence," I think. "Yeah, right. You're scared shitless, liar." Okay, compromise. I'm a method actor. When he finally reaches me, he places one hand on my throat and lifts me up. He might break my neck, or he might toss me into the stratosphere. I don't wait to find out. I inject the Kryptonium into his carotid artery, just below the left ear. He has a split second to be surprised before he falls, dead and green when he hits the ground. I spin the hypo-gun on my finger like a gunfighter before I replace it in the holster. The setting sun silhouettes me as I head back to the capsule: Alan Bennett - Kryptonian Hunter!

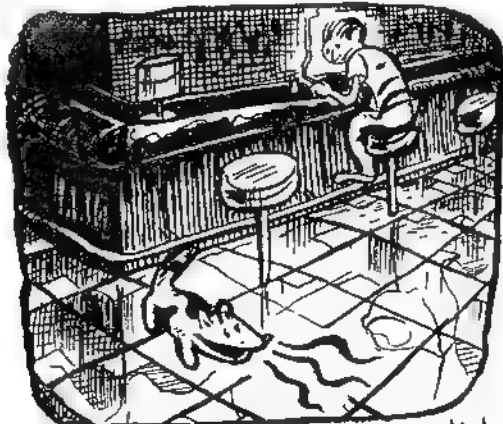
Joey Damiano
Long Beach, CA

Hey, Roarin' Rick?!

I want to thank you for signing my books at the San Diego Comic Con. I was really thrilled to meet you, but regretfully, I didn't talk to you for very long. I didn't want to stand there and bore the pants off of you about some stupid wet dreams I had, or something. I found it somewhat strange that there wasn't a huge crowd in front of you. Your 'Rare Bit Fiends' is awesome. Hilarious, yet disturbing. Silly, yet philosophical. Fucking cool. I said it at the con, and I'll say it again - you draw yourself really ugly, even though you aren't. Bad self-image? Hey, I have a suggestion. You really ought to sell 'Rare Bit Fiends' merchandise.



A SHACK... A DECREPIT OLD DINER...



IT HAD STOOLS THAT SPIN, A CAKERACK + LOUSY SERVICE...



A COMIC + PORN STORE WITH AMAZING BOOKS I'LL NEVER GET TO READ...

Especially a t-shirt with issue #4's cover art plastered on the front. I would buy it. I really like that cover.

To close, let me tell you about this dream I had one week ago. I was Dean Cain from the ABC Superman show (I was actually on the show). My father (who didn't look like my real dad; he looked like Ernest Borgnine) was visiting, and he grabbed Lois' shoes from the floor. He put them on, and proceeded to lay on my mattress face-first, and masturbate. I exclaimed: "What the hell are you doing?!" He pleaded with me to leave him be, and let him have his little fantasy, so I obliged with some hesitation. Lois just happened to be coming through the door, and I ran in fast speed towards the door to slow her up until my father (Ernest) was done relieving himself. I had to hold on to her, which didn't bother me, since that chick from the show is hot. All of a sudden, I'm in an old apartment being used as a drug trading post. My messed-up friend Jim was there, and everyone was shuffling around. I asked what was going on, and they told me to shut the fuck up. Everyone finally stopped, and someone offered me a plate of cantaloupe. That's it. Well, better end this. Keep it up!

Anna Kiely
Florence, MA

Hi, Rick-

I've only just started reading Rare Bit Fiends. I'm not a comics reader, but I'm really interested in this series. Like many of your readers, I keep a dream book (started in 1982!). But my dreams are a little different from anything I've heard described by other dreamers. I guess I sleep with my eyes open, and so I see my dream in my room. When most people sleep, their motor functions are shut off - that explains dreams of trying frantically to run or scream and not being able to move. For whatever reason, my motor functions are on, so when I see the creature from my dream right there next to the bed, I run, holler, throw things, and I can coherently tell my husband that I'm awake and a giant spider is right there on the nightstand.

I feel very sorry for anyone who sleeps over at my house. Believe me, I warn them, but nothing can prepare you to be screamed out of a sound sleep. One night I woke up to "see" a monster-sized crab emerging from my husband's ear. I shrieked, leaped out of bed (over him) landing on all fours, then took off down the stairs. He kept coming, so I struggled up. The fall woke me,

but I still thought the crab might be hiding somewhere. The things I see are so realistic, I still half-believe in them even when my logic tells me it's not real. My brother calls these "involuntary eidetic experiences."

I'm sending some xeroxes of things I've seen, and one drawing of a spooky dream. Thanks for the outlet

P.S. Two books have come out recently which you might like - dream diaries by Graham Greene (A World of my Own) and Wm. S. Burroughs (My Education).

Anna Velakovsky

Dear Mr. Veitch,

I am a person who dreams a lot, so I was naturally interested in your comic book about dreams.

I bought some issues and read them. Then I had this intriguing dream:

I saw you, looking much like your picture in the comics, at the controls of a projection machine like the one the Wizard of Oz used in the famous movie.

You were working away frantically at the controls, and the image of a large demon face was appearing on the screen for all to see.



OUTSIDE WERE MANDROIDS FROM THE OLD KREE/SKRULL WAR COMICS.



THE LEAD ONE TOOK HIS HELMET OFF.



THEN I WOKE UP... AARGGH!



JULY 1, 1995 DREAM (POST-A.C.E.)

JOHN ROVNAK

A voice boomed out from the face. It said, "Hell is Heaven and Satan is God!" It said this over and over, and then laughed in a maniacal way.

I woke up and immediately thought I should send you this dream, Mr. Veitch.

Be careful, please. From reading your dreams, I am one who thinks you do not understand very much about dreams or about the situation you have got yourself in. I think you are in great psychological danger and you are trying to lead others into the same bad situation.

Take care,
Anna

Diane Thomas
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Rick,

I dreamed I was awake and looking at the ceiling above my bed. There was a crack in the ceiling and I could see light behind it. Then the ceiling cracked open and flew away and there were clouds. There was a Pegasus outside my window and I yelled for it to please stop. Then I pushed the screen out of the window and reached out to

touch it's hoof. It changed into a man all dressed in white with white hair and took my hand and picked me up and carried me as we flew away. He told me his name was Wyn. Then we landed and went in a department store. We looked at moccasins and then at luggage and he showed me pictures of my ancestors he had in an old picture album. When we were leaving the store he told me I would meet a boy called Billiards. Then this dog chased us and he lifted me up and we flew away and there were sparks where his feet had taken off. When we came down another dog tried to bite us but it was on a chain and couldn't get to me. Then we walked home and I woke up after thinking the whole time I had been awake. It was so real and I remembered it all, including what was said which is very unusual for me. I also remember thinking when we were first flying that I wished he was Morpheus but when I think about it now the one who took his place was all white in Sandman #69. Thanx for listening.

Randall "Randazzle" Kirby
Ontario, Oregon

Hiya Sleepy! Here's another dream- This one in black and white.

I'm Magnus, Robot fighter. I'm ready to go out adventuring, when I discover my suit doesn't fit. Apparently, its grown in the wash. My wife, a plain looking, freckle-faced, brown-haired woman, makes me a new costume. It's an ugly green thing, and doesn't fit worth beans. I get kind of upset because I've got six crossovers to do, and six more on the flip side of the comic! I throw the suit away (I'm wearing jeans and a t-shirt now), grab a sword, and go off on an adventure with Zorro. Once outside, Zorro pushes me into a field. We duck down and Zorro explains that the villain of this story is my wife. She drives by in a big monster truck, but doesn't see us. Zorro pulls out a spy kit and a pocket flashlight. I think to myself, "Why don't I have a flashlight?"

We make our way across town, through darkened back alleys. We come upon a condo at the beach, and sneak up to a window. Inside, my wife has changed into a diving suit. I turn around,

and see Zorro running and diving into the ocean. My wife then comes out, and goes into the water. Next thing I know, I'm on the surface of the water, floating on a horse-headed inner-tube, Zorro and my wife are down below fighting over something. Suddenly, a large turnip bobs up from below. I take a bite out of it. Zorro comes up. I say, "This isn't expensive, is it?"

"Priceless," Zorro answers.

I see my wife coming toward the surface, screaming "NO!" but she disappears.

"You know, this is really good," I say. I give some to Zorro, and we bob in the ocean and eat turnip for the rest of the dream.

Cool, huh?

Randazzle!

Stephanie Mortimer
La Mesa, CA

Dear Mr. Veitch:

I am writing because I wanted to clarify a remark I made to you at the San Diego Con. You were kind enough to autograph my copies of Technophage and asked me if I had read Rare Bit Fiends. At a loss for words all I could say was "It was very interesting" and afterwards I thought you might consider that was a polite way of saying "It's terrible."

It is not terrible, it is very good, in fact it is too good. What I mean by "too good" is that it is too close to truth. Reading Rare Bit Fiends is like reading somebody's diary. It is like reading everybody's diaries. It makes me as squirmily uncomfortable as a Jr. Highschool student. It is embarrassing and confusing. It is not to be scanned or read lightly. Like Finnegan's Wake it must be read at many different levels - for example, just one frame: "Tibetan Micro-Chip", is as layered as filo. Peel off layer after layer - we are past the facade, past the unfinished architecture of the mind - here among the bones of buildings, this dark staging area, a million chaotic thoughts get ready to parade out into the light of consciousness - they have not yet put on their costumes and they are being quite rude. Those that get past customs will be on their best behavior when they become conscious thought.

I showed Rare Bit Fiends to a friend and she was quite surprised and said "So I'm not the only one to have had that dream?" I told her that I too have had that dream and that perhaps in the great collective subconscious we are all having that same dream. I think that that

is what makes me so uncomfortably reading your book - I may not understand it consciously, but my subconscious understands. I think it might be a bit dangerous to let my subconscious read too much at a time. Nevertheless I applaud your talent and your bravery. I will look for further copies of your book, and your other work, and add them to my collection cautiously.

P.S. May I recommend the Barney alarmclock by Armitron available at Pic'N'Save for about \$7? The old Barney himself waves to you from the clock face. The case of the clock is an odious purple with a green stem. The alarm sounds like a dump truck backing up.

Idea. I'm sure you've seen Norman Rockwell's "Triple Self-Portrait." Rockwell peers into a mirror and confronts his own bespectacled reflection. On the canvas in front of him an urbane self-portrait is emerging. I'm sure you understand what I'm getting at. Perhaps you've already done it in an issue I haven't read yet. I'm extremely curious to know what reproductions are pinned to your canvas, though.

No reply necessary. I don't want to stop the orchestra for this harmonica music.

Hi, Buckeroos! You like this dream stuff?

*Well, if you have a computer and a modem, you can participate in a daily, on-line Dream Group hosted by yours truly, the old' DreamMC, Rev. Jeremy Taylor**

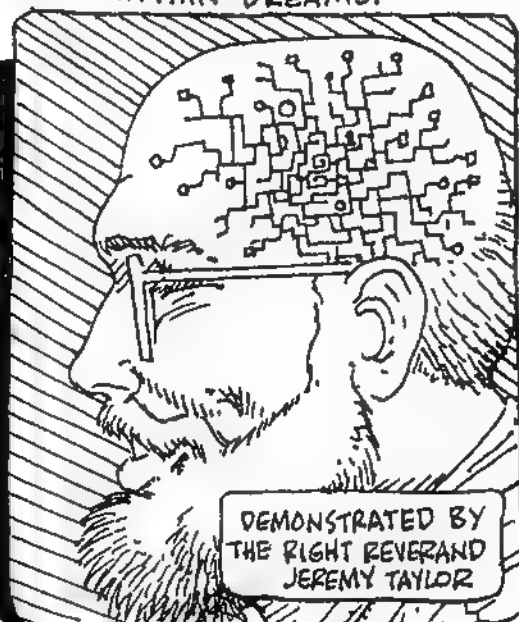
**The group will meet every day, Monday-Friday
9:00AM Eastern (8:00AM Central, 7:00AM Mountain, 6:00AM [shudder!]Pacific)**
OR

You can leave your dreams, questions, comments, etc. anytime on the show's Bulletin Board

- All You Have to Do is.
- Sign on America On-Line
 - Go to Keyword HUB
 - Choose ENTER
 - Go to CHANNEL ZERO
 - Go to PROGRAM GUIDE
 - Choose DREAM SHOW

*author of *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill: Using Dreams to Tap the Wisdom of the Unconscious* (Warner Books, NY, 1992) and *Dream Work: Techniques for Discovering the Creative Power in Dreams* (Paulist Press, Mahwah, NJ, 1983). President of the Association for the Study of Dreams ('94-95), and frequent contributor to *Roarin' Rick's Rare Bit Fiends* and *Rabid Eye!*

HOW IDEAS ARE CRYPTO-LOCKED
WITHIN DREAMS.



DEMONSTRATED BY
THE RIGHT REVEREND
JEREMY TAYLOR

DREAMT 10/95
ZEITCH

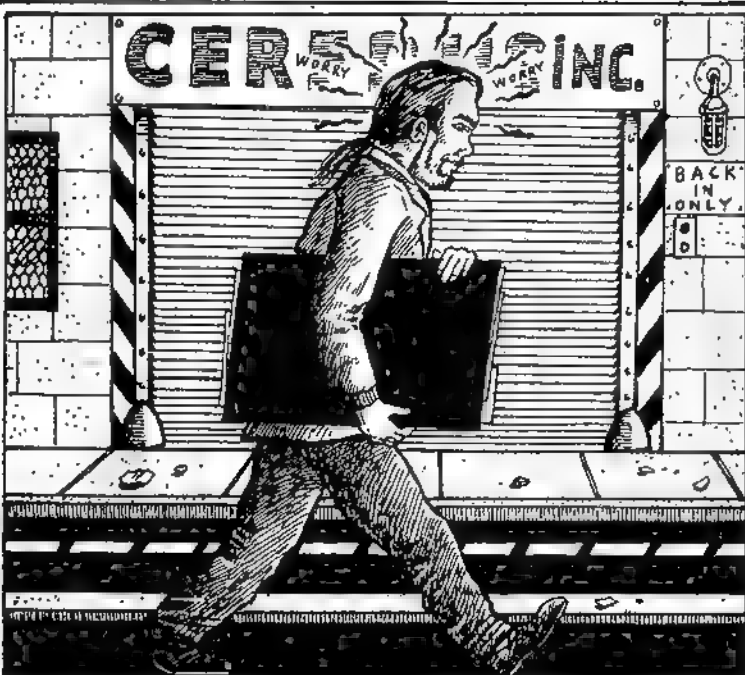
A DREAM OF TWO RABBIT FIENDS



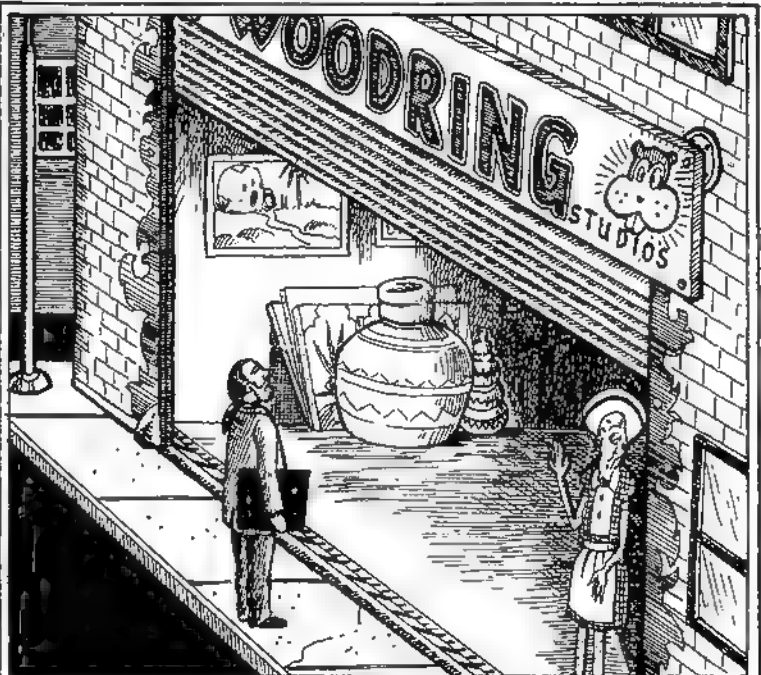
MAY 13, 1995. MY WIFE DROPPED ME OFF SO I COULD LOOK FOR A JOB. IT WAS EARLY. I WAS IN AN OLDER, DESERTED PART OF TOWN. IT WAS AN INDUSTRIAL-WAREHOUSE SECTION.



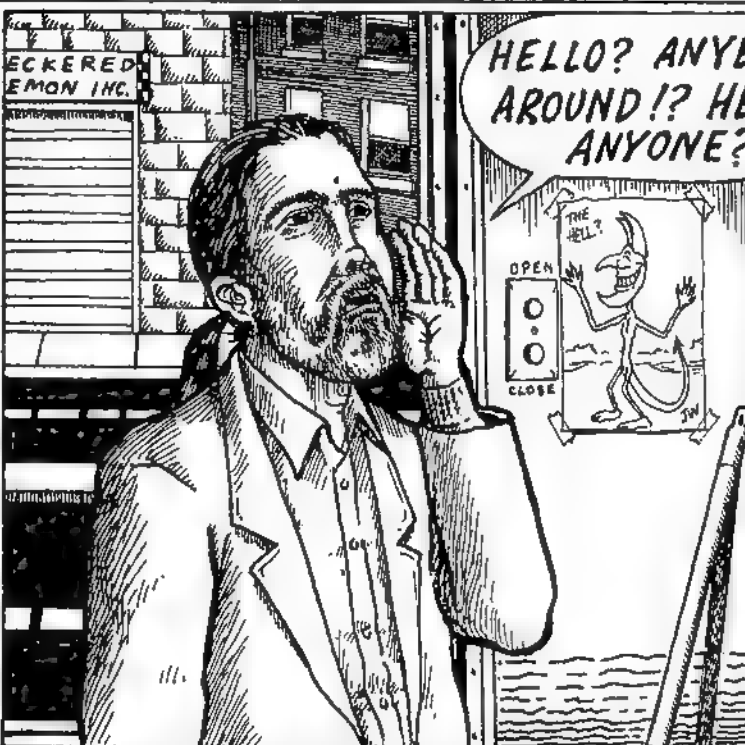
I WALKED A LONG WAY. EVERYTHING SEEMED CLOSED. I PASSED BY THE SHOP OF THE GUY WHO DOES THE SIMPSONS...



I THOUGHT I HAD TO HURRY TO MY SCHOOL JOB. THEN I REALIZED I DIDN'T WORK THERE ANYMORE. THAT MEANT I HAD THE WHOLE DAY TO MYSELF!



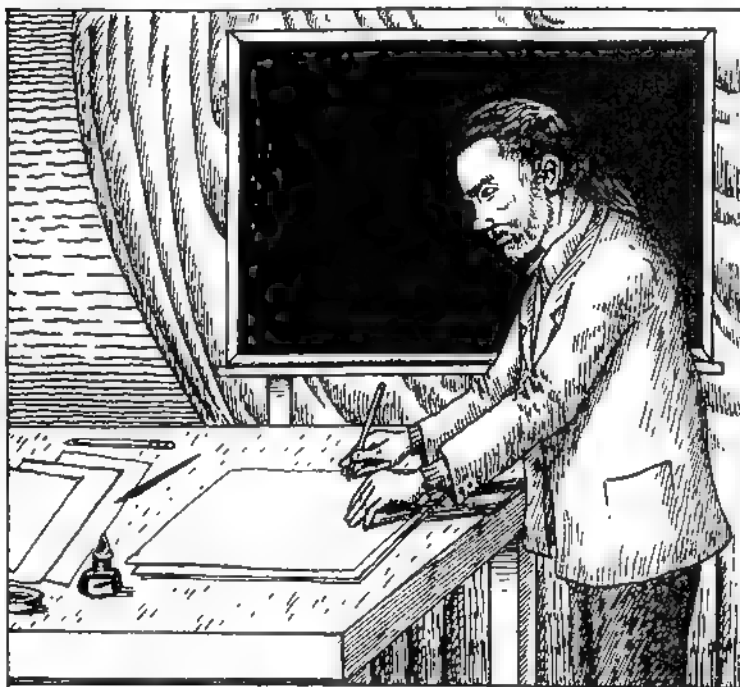
I CAME ACROSS JIM WOODRING'S STUDIO. I ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET THE CREATOR OF FRANK IN THE RIVER... THE PLACE SEEMED EMPTY- BUT THE DOOR WAS OPEN...



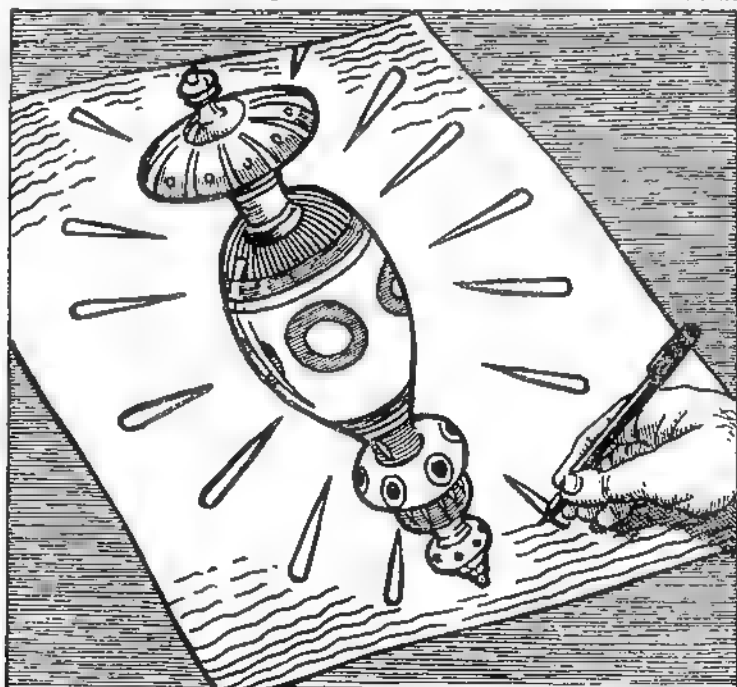
HELLO? ANYBODY AROUND!? HELLO ANYONE?



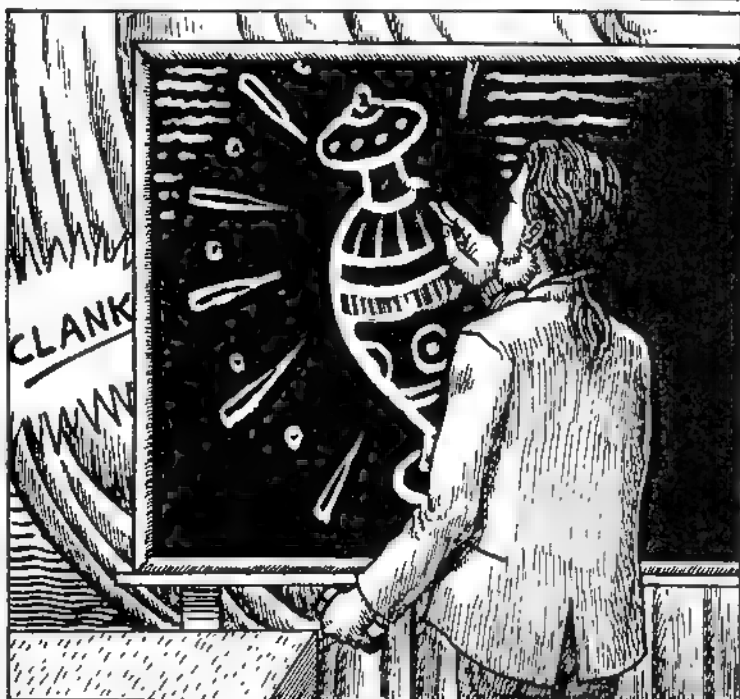
I WANTED TO TELL HIM THAT CERTAIN PROBLEMS HE'D HAD RECENTLY CONCERNING ON HIS WORK WERE KNOWN TO ME AND THAT THE CAUSE WAS A SPECIFIC ALLERGY TO A CERTAIN KIND OF PAINT. I KNEW THIS BECAUSE WE HAD VISITED IN DREAMS BEFORE *



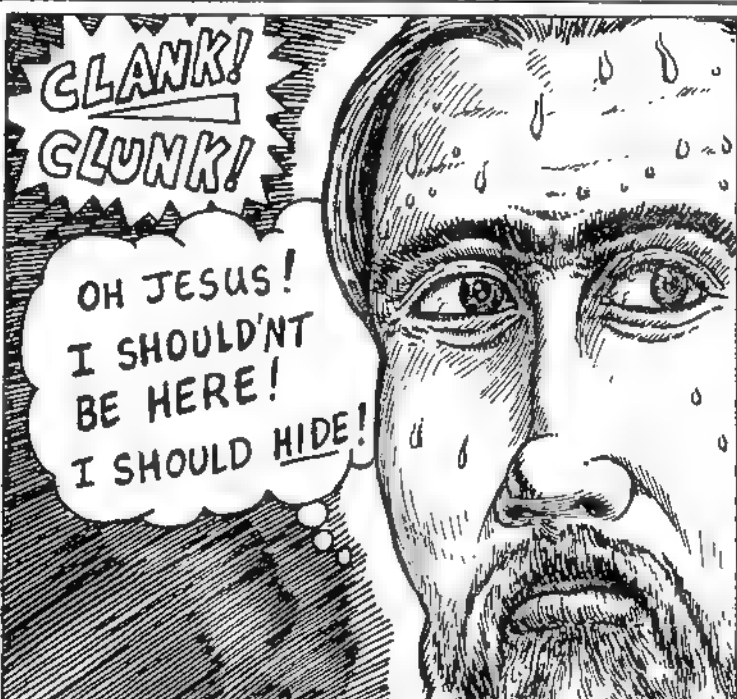
I DECIDED TO LEAVE HIM A NOTE TO TELL HIM THAT I'D BEEN THERE AND MISSED HIM.



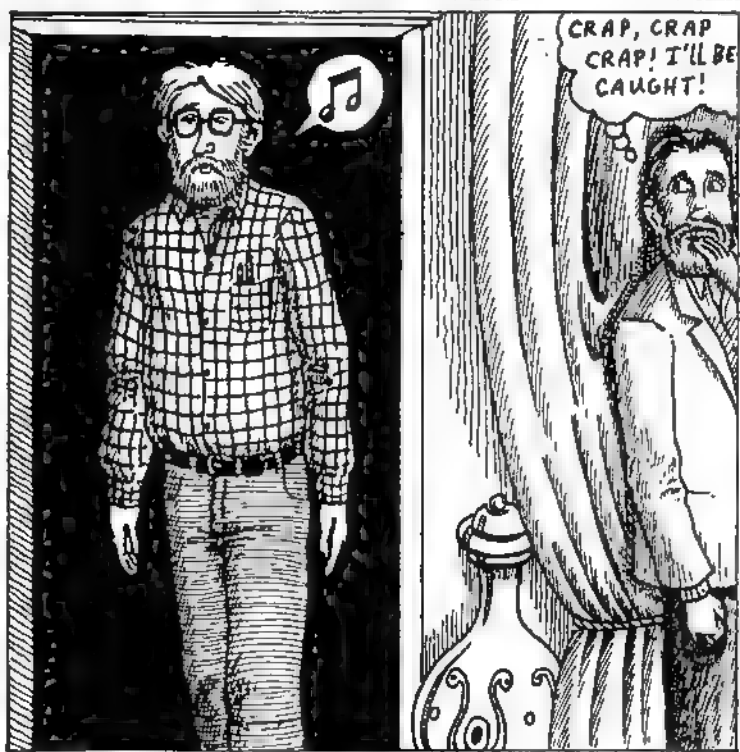
FOR SOME REASON THE "NOTE" BECAME ONE OF JIM'S STRANGE LOOKING "CONDITIONED SOULS..."



I WENT FROM DRAWING ON PAPER TO THE CHALKBOARD.



I HEARD A LOUD NOISE! SOMEONE WAS IN THE STUDIO!

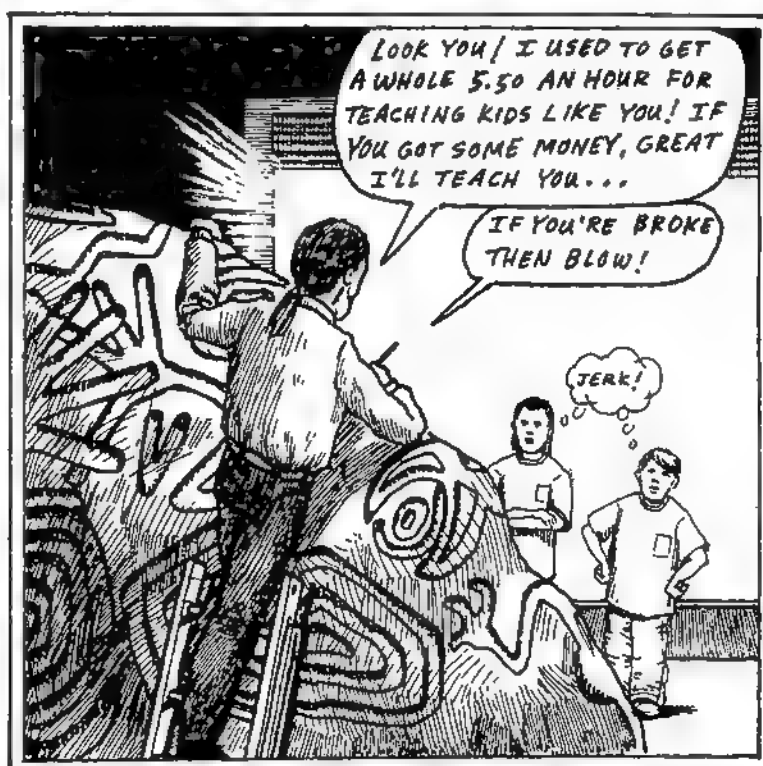
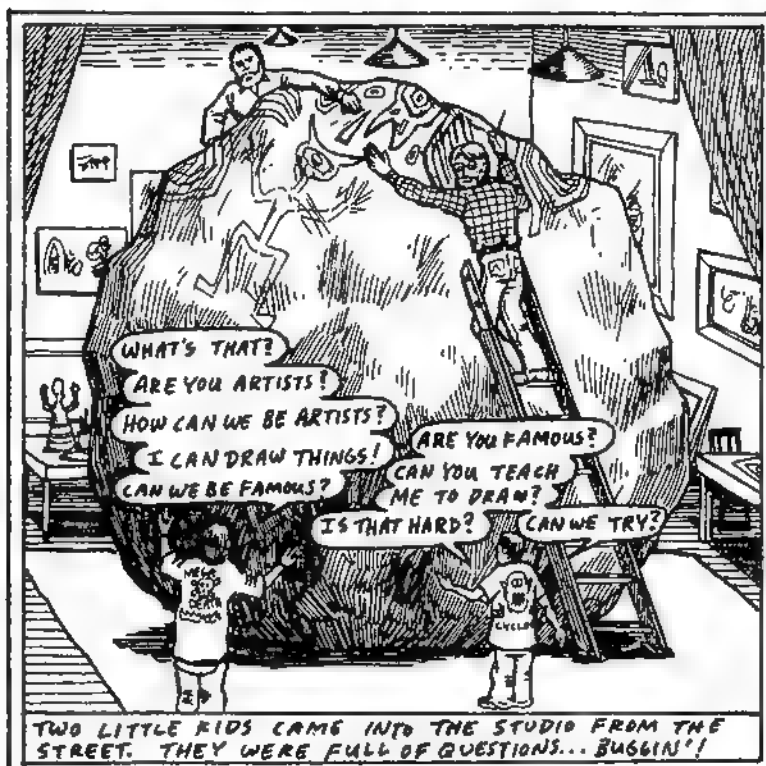
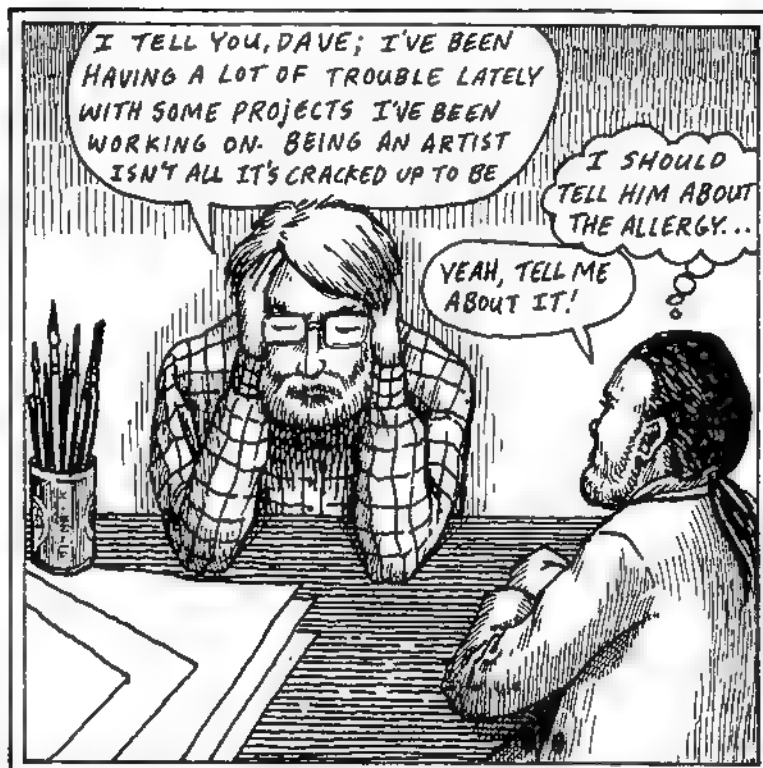
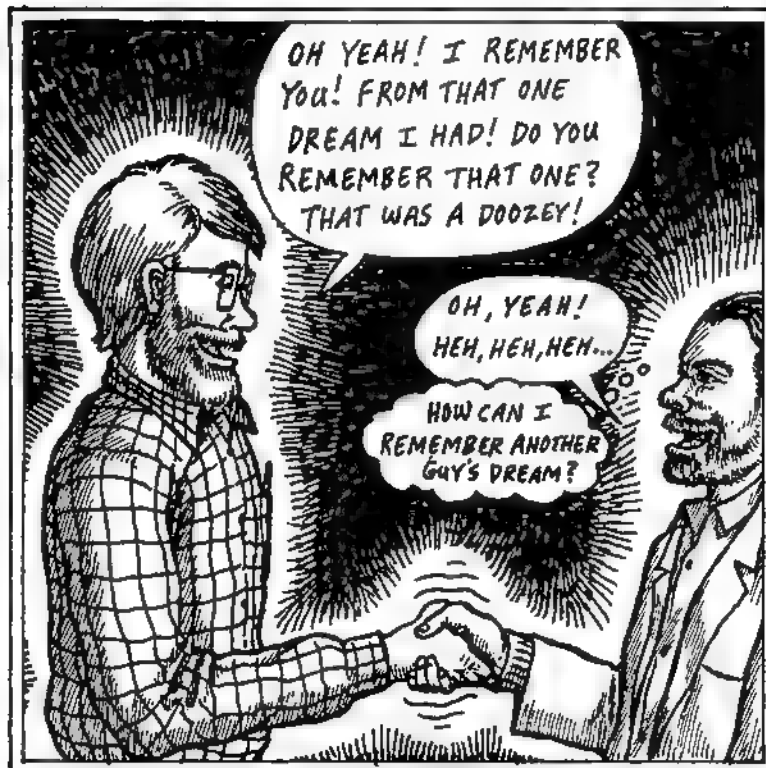


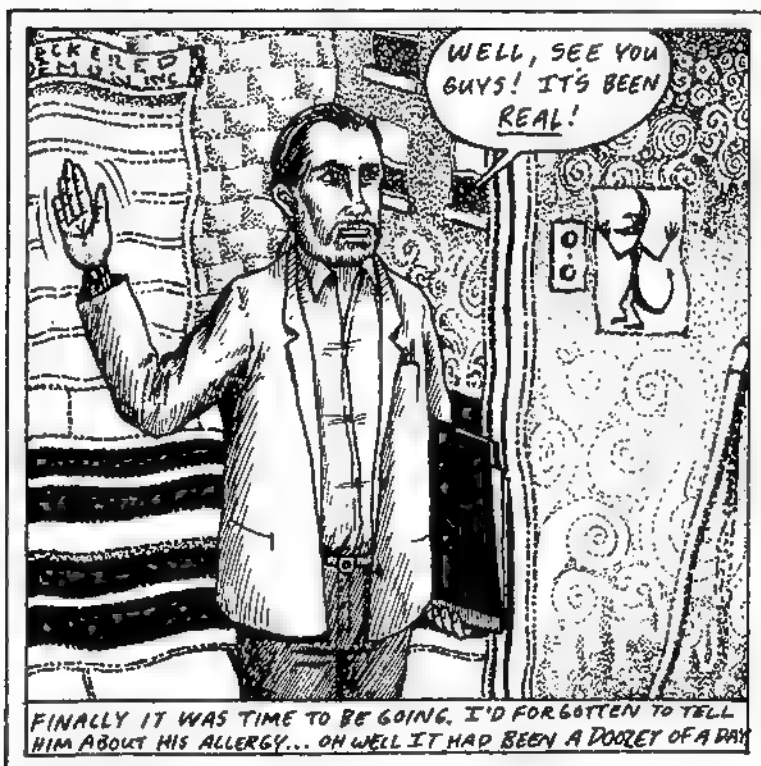
CRAP, CRAP
CRAP! I'LL BE
CAUGHT!



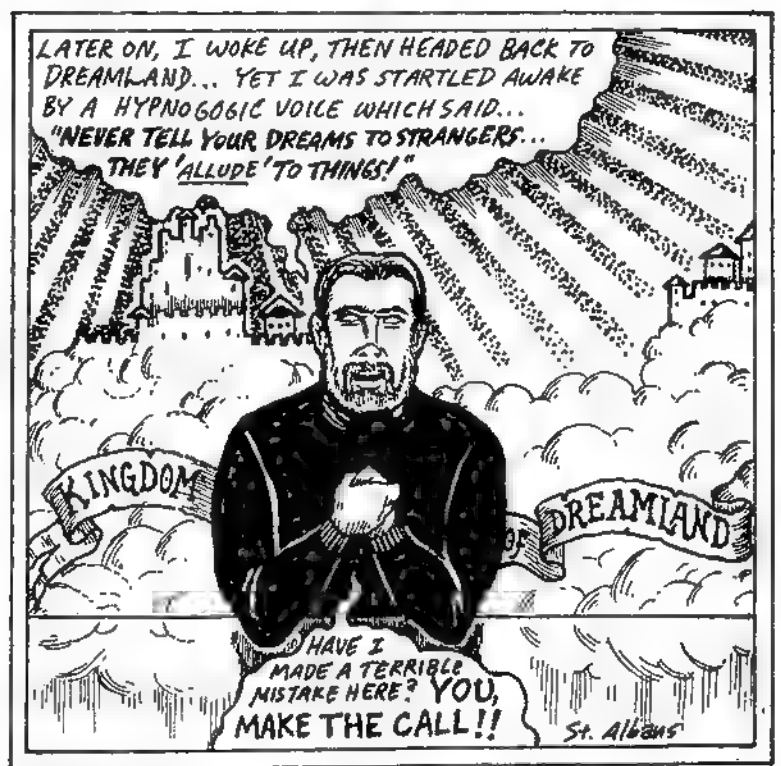
GOD! DO I
FEEL STUPID!
HEH. HEH.

I FIGURED: WHAT THE HELL, I ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET HIM ANYWAY. SO I TOOK THE BOLD STEP FORWARD.





THE DREAMED:



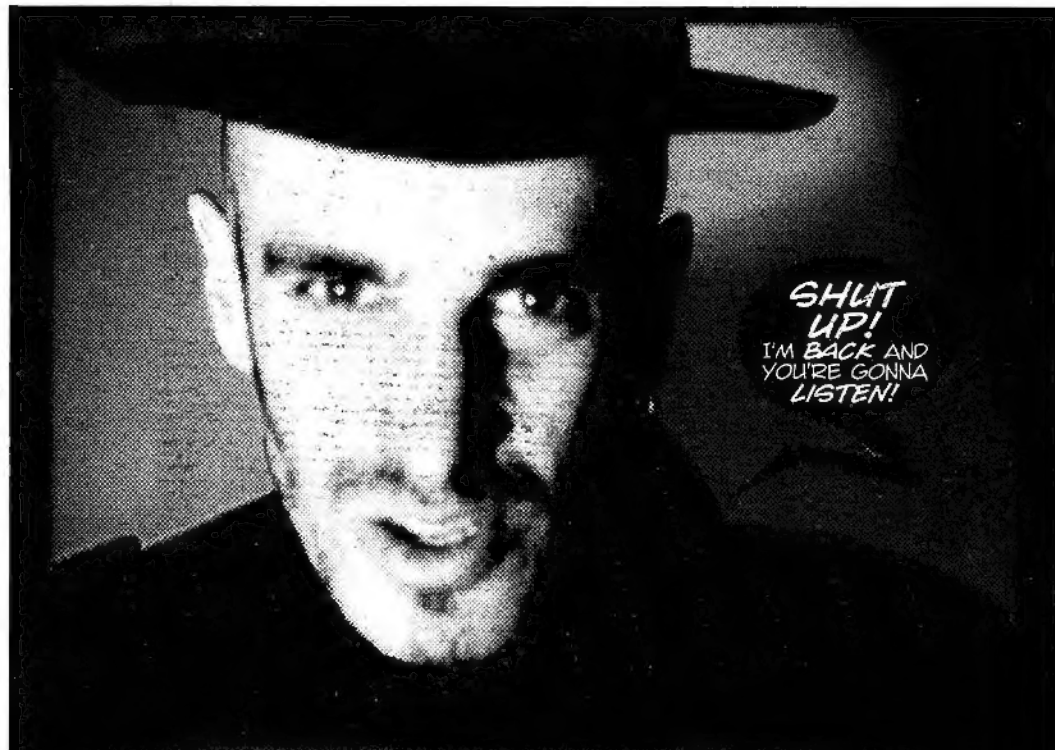
THE DREAMER:



Straight from the warped sleeping mind of Bill, the following sequence was the start of our entire storyline. The first issue is up now at <http://www.west.net/~wastela/> and will be in stores the second week of January. Special thanks to the Roarin' one for printing this preview.

words
Bill O'Neil
pictures
John Gaushell

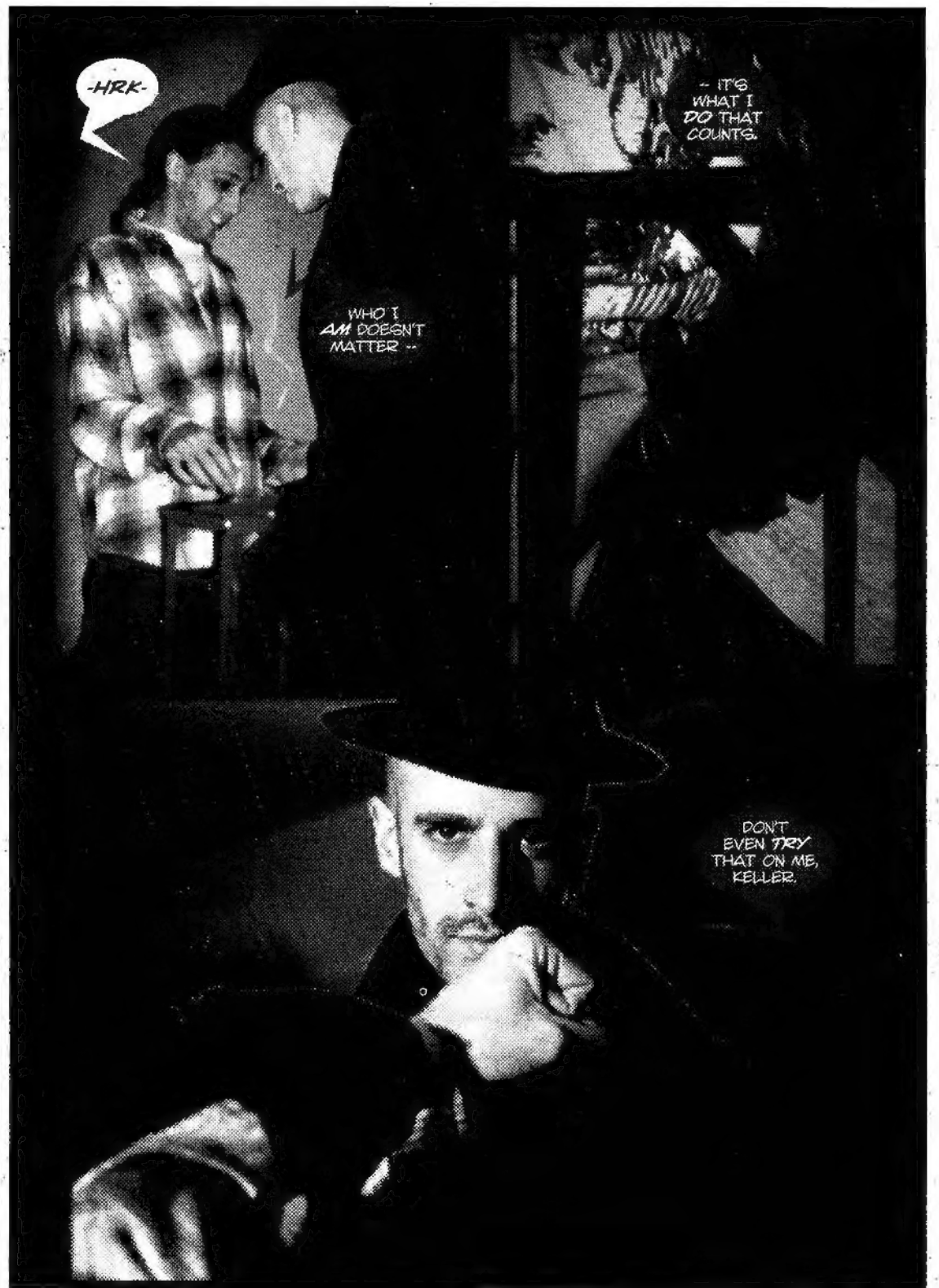




SHUT
UP!
I'M BACK AND
YOU'RE GONNA
LISTEN!



WHO
ARE
YOU?



-HRK-

- IT'S
WHAT I
DO THAT
COUNTS.

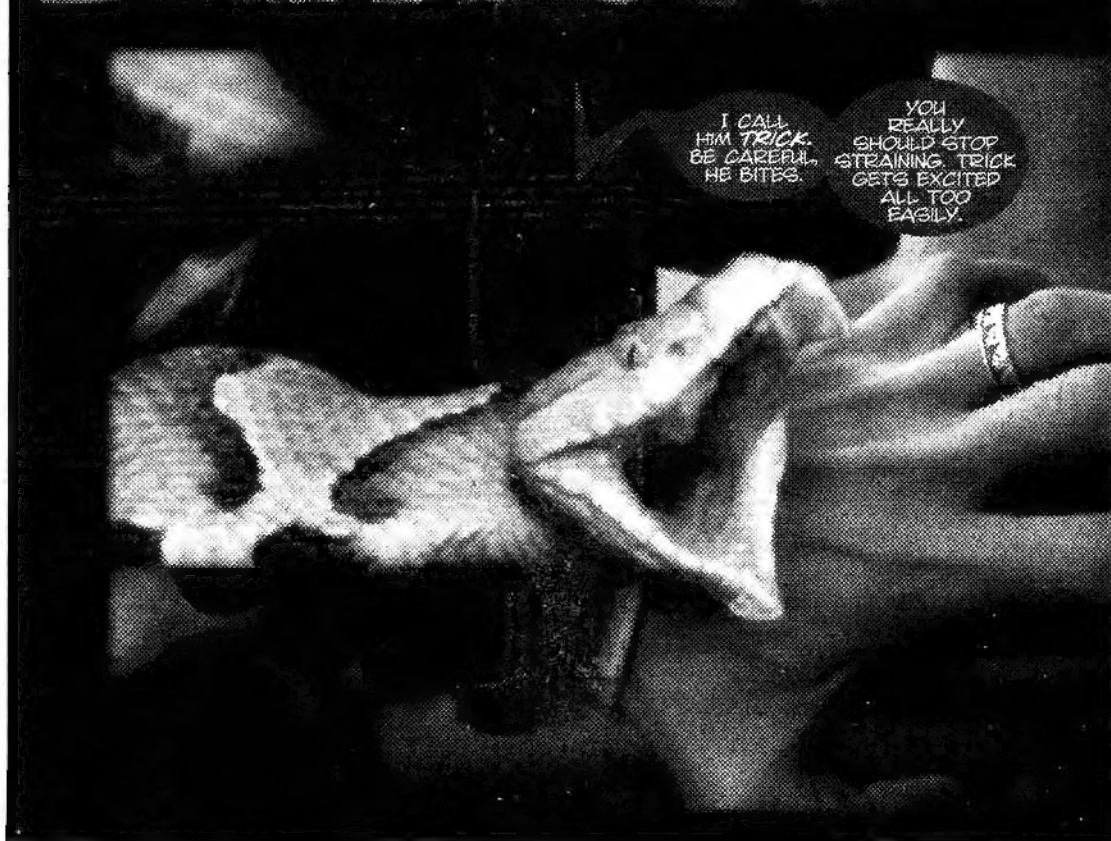
WHO I
AM DOESN'T
MATTER --

DON'T
EVEN TRY
THAT ON ME,
KELLER.



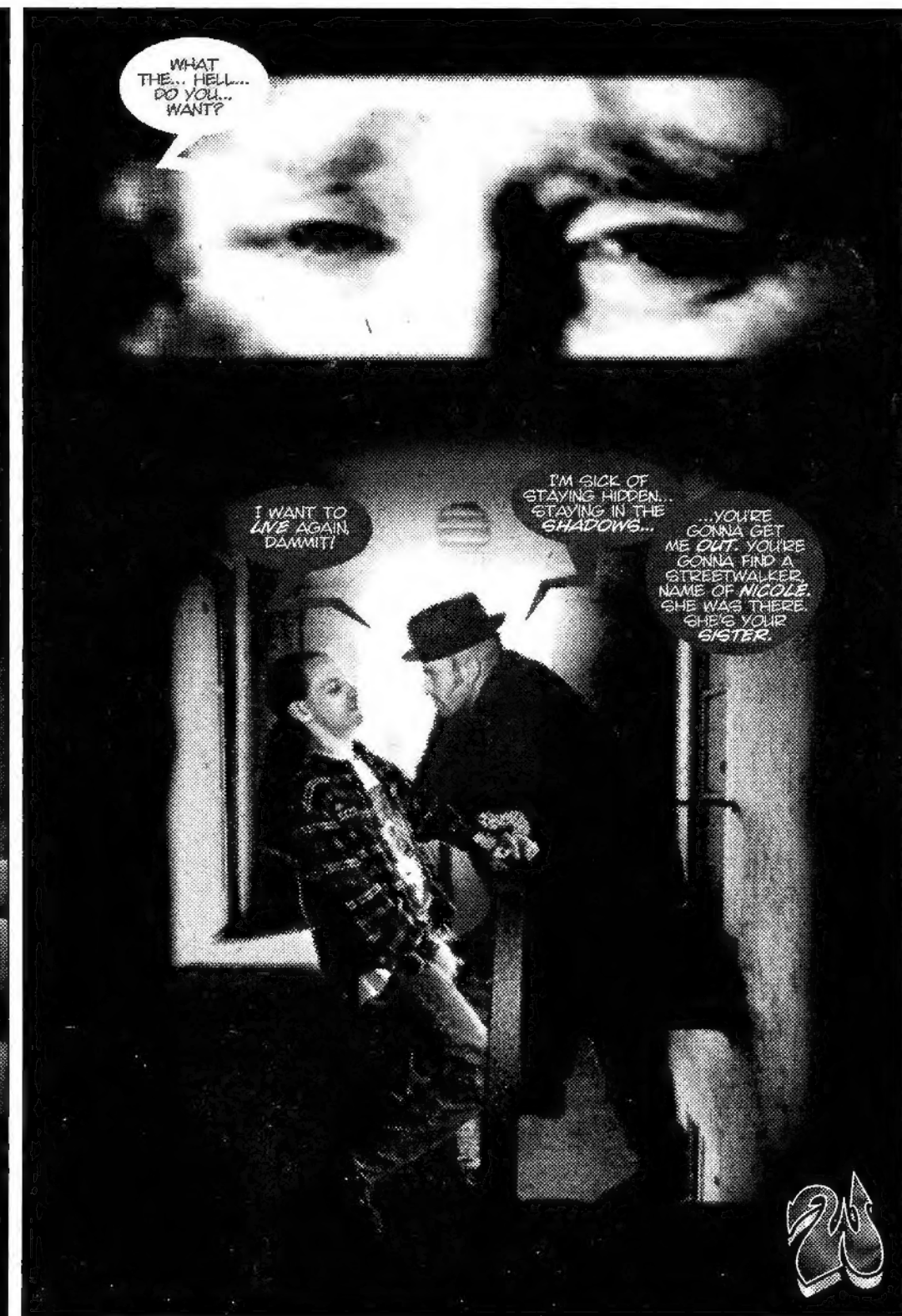
I
SQUEEZE,
AND YOU ARE
VERY SAD.

I
BROUGHT A
FRIEND...



I CALL
HIM *TRICK*.
BE CAREFUL.
HE BITES.

YOU
REALLY
SHOULD STOP
STRAINING. *TRICK*
GETS EXCITED
ALL TOO
EASILY.



WHAT
THE... HELL...
DO YOU...
WANT?

I WANT TO
LIVE AGAIN.
DAMMIT!

I'M SICK OF
STAYING HIDDEN...
STAYING IN THE
SHADOWS...

...YOU'RE
GONNA GET
ME *OUT*. YOU'RE
GONNA FIND A
STREETWALKER
NAME OF *NICOLE*.
SHE WAS THERE.
SHE'S YOUR
SISTER.

WHILE EN ROUTE TO A MYSTERIOUS MEETING, GERHARD SEEMS ALARMED BY THE HUGE BRUISE ON MY ARM...

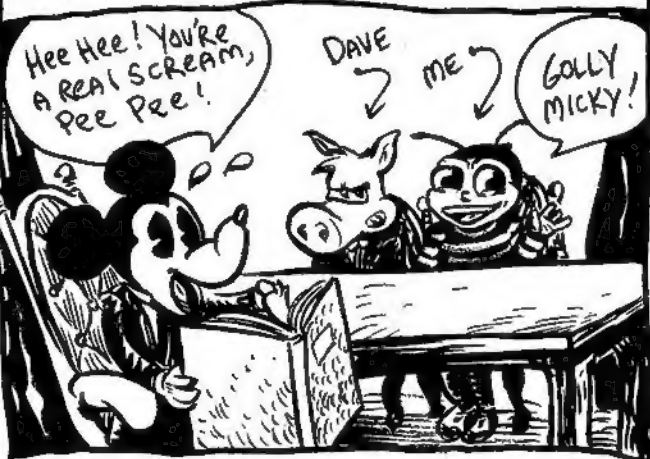


SOBISSETT → WHO PASSED IT ON TO ME: ★ Paul Pope 3-27-95

BUT-- WHERE'S LARRY WHEN WE NEED HIM MOST?



IN MY DREAM, SIM WAS TRYING TO GET A JOB AT DISNEY... BUT WHAT THEY REALLY WANTED WAS A PEEK AT MY SKETCH BOOK!



Note: SIM+BISSETTE HAD MY SKETCH BOOK IN THE HOTEL OVER NIGHT, Y'SEE...

Someone pointed out HUGO PRATT, WHO WAS SITTING NEXT TO A CERTAIN ITALIAN GUY I KNOW... IT WAS PRATT CIRCA 1969...



Note: BISSETTE TOLD ME A CRAZY STORY ABOUT VEITCH MEETING PRATT IN LUCCA, ITALY, THAT DAY IN THE CAR, DON'CHA KNOW...

WE SPOKE IN LOUSY FRENCH, SINCE I CAN'T SPEAK ITALIAN AND HE DOESN'T SPEAK ENGLISH... I ASKED IF HE LIKES THE CHARACTER CORTO MALTESE!



Note: DREAMS ARE MENTAL TOILET FLUSHES!

IN REPLY, HE LIFTED UP HIS SHIRT-SLEEVE TO SHOW ME A TATTOO OF THE MALTESIAN'S HAWKISH PROFILE!



Note: THIS REALLY HAPPENED TO ME WITH AN ITALIAN GUY NAMED ANDRE, IN A BAR, IN COLUMBUS, LAST SUMMER! GO FIGURE!

THEN, LIKE BISSETTE, I Woke UP!



Peckers
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HI.



VEITCH

POCKET UNIVERSE

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